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ORIGINAL REVOLUTIONARY CHRONICLE.

THE

BATTLE-DAY

OF

GERMANTOWN.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "HERBERT TRACY, OR THE ROMANCE OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN;" RANDULPH THE PRINCE, OR THE ROMANCE OF BRANDYWINE;" AND OTHER NOVELS OF THE REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA:
A. H. DILLER, NO. 3 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

TO THE READER.

In order that those who have not perused the writings of GEORGE LIPPARD, may form an idea of the estimation which the public place on his productions, we lay before the reader the following

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Coshocton (Ohio) Democrat.

"THE BATTLE DAY OF BRANDYWINE.—We copy in to-day's paper this excellent production of GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ. The style is chaste and forcible, and cannot fail to enchain the attention of the reader. The subject is one in which every American must take a deep interest, as it is one of the most eventful scenes of the struggle for American independence. We have just read another 'story' from the pen of Mr. LIPPARD, called 'Adrian, the Neophyte,' which, in our judgment, surpasses any of his previous productions that we have read. Mr. LIPPARD, we believe, is a young writer, and we have no doubt that his name will in a few years be classed with the first literary writers of the country."

"We copy the thrilling and deeply interesting historical sketch, the 'Battle-Day of Brandywine.'"

The Democrat, New Philad., O.

Godey's Lady's Book, the magazine of the land, holds this language:

"'*Adrian, the Neophyte.* By George Lippard.' This is a short sketch, or rather skeleton of a story, exhibiting the fierce struggles of a passionate nature, first aroused to the temptations of the world. The sketch is written with much skill, and is effective in showing the conflict of the heaven-aspiring but superstitious soul, when drawn down from its fancied high sanctity by the heart-engrossing influence of human love. These descriptions of the pen have a vividness which seems caught from the picturings of the pencil."

"A highly interesting story, from the pen of GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ., entitled the 'Battle-Day of Germantown.'"

Democratic Press, York, Pa.

Speaking of this chronicle of "The Battle-Day of Germantown," the Reading Press observes:

"An excellent Revolutionary story, from the pen of GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ., which, in point of originality and interest, equals, if not surpasses, some of the most noted productions of the day."

"THE BATTLE-DAY OF GERMANTOWN adds another leaf to the laurels already gathered by the talented author."—*New York Argus.*

THE BATTLE-DAY OF GERMANTOWN.—One of the most interesting historical tales we ever had the pleasure to peruse.—*Odd Fellow, Md.*

The Philadelphia Inquirer, edited by Robert Morris, Esq., says of "Adrian, the Neophyte:"

"We have received a story of the soul, (for such truly we may term it,) with the above title. It is from the pen of George Lippard. The conception is somewhat of the Zanoni school, and will not fail to inspire the reader with deep interest. Many of the thoughts and sentiments are expressed in powerful, feeling, and eloquent language; and on the whole, the romance is striking and grand. 'A mysterie is the soul.'"

The Philadelphia Evening Mercury, (edited by L. A. Wilmer, Esq.,) among other notices, has the following concerning the abilities of George Lippard:

"We entertain the belief that the author has the stamina which may make him a distinguished writer of fiction. He has a fervor of imagination and a strength of expression which we rarely see equalled, and these qualities appear to be conspicuously shown in the 'Neophyte.'"

The organ of the I. O. O. F., the "Symbol," published in Boston, says:

"A highly interesting historical tale, called the 'Battle-Day of Brandywine,' by George Lippard, Esq. It is one of the most thrilling and interesting we ever read."

And again:

"'*Adrian, the Neophyte.*'—We have read the first part, and can truly say it will compare in every respect with any story—prize or otherwise—that has been published for the last twelve months in either of the popular magazines of the day."

The New York Cynosure, edited by M. Hardin Andrews, Esq., after endorsing the sentiments of the Philadelphia Inquirer, says:

"We know that his (Mr. Lippard's) talents are of an original and exalted kind. His tales which have been published in the Saturday Evening Post and other papers, ('Herbert Tracey,' for instance,) have been received with great fervor wherever they have been read."

Lewis C. Levin, Esq., editor of the "Daily Sun," and well known as the gifted orator and advocate of the cause of Temperance, pays George Lippard this tribute:

"THE BATTLE-DAY OF GERMANTOWN.—It is written with great power, and *stamps the author a man of genius.*"

"An original tale from the pen of GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ., entitled 'The Battle-Day of Germantown,' for minuteness of detail and beauty of diction is worthy of the author. The graphic description of 'The Battle Eve' thrills the soul of the American reader while he depicts to his mind's eye the perilous and destitute condition of the continental army."—*Butler (Pa.) Democrat.*

THE OLD STATE-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA,

As it stood at the time of the entry of the British into Philadelphia—September 26, 1777.

CHEW'S HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

This engraving of the venerable mansion may be relied on for the most exact correctness of detail.

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BY GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "HERBERT TRACY, A ROMANCE OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GERMANTOWN,"
"RANDULPH THE PRINCE, OR THE ROMANCE OF THE
BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE, ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
A. H. DILLER, PUBLISHER.

1843

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NOTE.—The correct and effective Engravings accompanying this chronicle, are copied, by permission of the gifted author, from the forthcoming second edition of "Watson's Annals."

M.L.B. 17 Nov. 21

TO

JOHN F. WATSON, Esq.,

Of Germantown,

The Antiquary of Revolutionary lore—the gentleman of the old school, and the accomplished scholar, this Chronicle of the Battle-Day of Germantown, is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

A WORD TO THE READER.

This Chronicle is presented to your perusal as a true and correct history of the Battle of Germantown, containing all the facts to be gleaned from history, combined with the legendary incidents of the day of battle, narrated by the survivors of the times of the Revolution. Wherever the author has found a tradition, he has applied it to his purpose; wherever he has discovered an old-time legend, he has written it down, and now he presents this book of the Battle-Day of Germantown to the public, with the intention of preserving the memory of its wild and romantic incidents in some tangible form, and of saving its history from that oblivion of the grave which will soon envelope the survivors of the Revolution.

THE BATTLE-DAY OF GERMANTOWN.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ.

"And when servile Fraud stalks through the land, and Genius starves in his cell, while upstart Imbecility rides abroad in chariots; when man is degenerate, public faith is broken, public honor violated, then will we wander forth into the awful shadows of the Past, and from the skeletons of the battle-field evoke the spirits of that giant time, calling upon their forms of unreal majesty for the mighty secret which made them the man-gods of that era of high deeds and glorious purposes, THE GHOSTLY PAST. *From the Abbe De La Mennais.*

Part the First.

THE BATTLE EVE.

The Red Cross in Philadelphia.

It was a sad day for Philadelphia, a sad day for the nation, when the pomp of British banners and the gleam of British arms was in her streets and along her avenues; when, as far as eye could reach, was seen the long array of glaring red coats, with the sunbeams of a clear September day falling on helm and cuirass, shining like burnished gold.

It was a sad and gloomy day for the nation, when the Congress was forced to flee the old provincial town of William Penn, when the tories paraded the streets with loud hurrahs, with the British lion waving overhead, while the whigs hung their heads in shame and in despair.

True, the day was calm and bright overhead; true, the sky was clear, and the nipping air of autumn gave freshness to the mind and bloom to the check; true it was, the city was all alive with the glitter of processions, and the passing to and fro of vast crowds of people; but the processions were a dishonor to our soil, the crowds hurried to and fro to gaze upon the living monuments of the defeat of Brandywine—the armed and arrogant Britishers filling the streets of Philadelphia.

They came marching along in front of the old State House, on their way to their barracks in the Northern Liberties. The scene was full of strange and startling interest. The roofs of the State House arose clearly in the autumn air each peak and cornice, each gable-end and corner, shown in full and distinct outline, with the trees of Independence Square towering greenly in the rear of the fabric, while up into the clear sky arose the State House steeple, with its solemn bell of independence, that but a year ago sent forth the news of liberty to all the land, swinging a welcome to the British host—a welcome that sounded like the funeral knell of new world freedom.

The British in Chesnut Street.

The columns of the army were passing in front of Independence Hall. Along Chesnut street, as far as the eye could see, shone the glittering array of sword and bayonet, with the bright sunshine falling over the stout forms of the British troopers, mounted on gallant war steeds, and blazing with burnished cuirass and polished helm, while banner and pennon waved gaily overhead; and there, treading the streets in all the flush of victory, were the regiments of British infantry, with the one bold front of their crimson attire flashing in the light, with their bayonets rising overhead like a forest of steel, and with marks of Brandywine written on many a whiskered face and burly chest.

And at their head, mounted on a gallant steed, with the lordlings of his staff around him, rode a tall and athletic man, with a frame of sinew, and a calm, placid face, wearing an even smile and quiet look, seen from beneath the shadow of his plain chapeau, while his gaudy attire of crimson, with epaulettes of gold on either shoulder, announced Sir William Howe, * commander-in-chief of the invading army.

And as the General glanced around, fixing his eye proudly upon the British banner, waving from

* Some accounts state that Sir William Howe took possession of Philadelphia in person, while others state that Lord Cornwallis entered the city with four regiments of grenadiers.

the State House steeple, as his glance was met by the windows of Independence Hall, decorated by the flags of the Britisher, a proud gleam lit up his calm blue eye; and with the thought of Brandywine, came a vision of the future, speaking eloquently of provinces subjugated, rebels overthrown and liberties crushed.

And then peals of music, uttered by an hundred bands, filled the street, and startled the silence of the State House avenues, swelling up to the heavens with notes of joy the roll of drum, the shriek of bugle, and the clash of cymbal mingling in grand chorus; while the banners waved more proudly overhead, the spears, the bayonets, and helmets shone brighter in the light, and between the peals of music the loud huzzas of the crowd blackening the sidewalks, looking from the windows, and clinging to the trees, broke gladly upon the air, as the solemn notes of independence bell heralded, with an iron tongue, the entrance of the invaders into the city; the possession of Philadelphia by the British.

It was a grand sight to see—the windows crowded with the forms of beauty, waving scarfs in the air, aged matrons lifting little children on high, who clapped their hands with glee, as they beheld the glimmer of arms and the glitter of steel, the streets below all crimson with British uniform, all music and all joy, the side walks blackened by crowds of servile tories, who shouted till their loyal throats were tired "Long life to King George—confusion to Washington, and death to the rebels!"

They trooped through the streets of Philadelphia on that 26th of September, 1777; just fifteen days after the battle-day of Brandywine, they took possession with all the pomp of victory; and as the shades of twilight sank down over the town, they marched proudly into their barracks, in the Northern Liberties.

The Path of the Rebel Chief.

And where was Washington?

Retreating from the forces of Sir William Howe, along the Schuylkill; retreating with brave men under his command, men who had dared death in a thousand shapes, and crimsoned their hands with the carnage of Brandywine; retreating because his powder and ammunition were exhausted; because his soldiers wanted the necessary apparel, while their hands grasped muskets without lock or flint.

The man of the American army retreated, but his soul was firm. The American Congress had deserted Philadelphia, but Washington did not despair. The British occupied the surrounding country, their arms shone on every hill; their banners toyed in every breeze; yet had George Washington resolved to strike another blow for the freedom of this fair land.

A Quiet and Lovely Land.

The calm sunlight of an autumnal afternoon was falling over the quiet valleys, the green plains, and the rich and rolling woodland of an undulating tract of country, spreading from the broad bosom of the Delaware to the hilly shores of the Schuylkill, about seven miles from Philadelphia.

The roofs of an ancient village, extending in one unbroken line along the great northern road, arose grey and massive in the sunlight, as each corniced gable and substantial chimney looked forth from the shelter of the surrounding trees. There was an air of quaint and rustic beauty about this village. Its plan was plain and simple, burdened with no intricate crossings of streets, no labyrinthine pathways, no complicated arrangement of houses. The fabrics of the village were all situated on the line of the great northern road, reaching from the fifth mile stone to the eighth, while a line of smaller villages extended this "Indian file of houses" to the tenth milestone from the city.

The houses were all stamped with marks of the German origin of their tenants. The high, sloping roof, the walls of dark grey stone, the porch before the door, and the garden in the rear, blooming with all the freshness of careful culture, marked the tenements of the village, while the heavy gable-ends and the massive cornices of each roof, gave each house an appearance of rustic antiquity.

Around the village, on either side, spread fertile farms, each cultivated like a garden, varied by orchards heavy with golden fruit, fields burdened with the massive shocks of corn, or whitened with the ripe buckwheat, or embrowned by the upturning plough.

The village looked calm and peaceful in the sunlight, but its plain and simple denizens went not forth to the field to work on that calm autumnal afternoon. The oxen stood idly in the barn yard, cropping the fragrant hay, the teams stood unused by the farmer, and the flail was silent within the barn. A sudden spell seemed to have come strangely down upon the peaceful denizens of Germantown, and that spell was the shadow of the British banner flung over her fields of white buckwheat, surmounting the dream-like steeps of

the Wissahikon, waving from Mount Airy, and floating in the freshning breeze of Chesnut Hill.

The View from Chesnut Hill.

Had you ascended Chesnut Hill on that calm autumnal afternoon, and gazed over the tract of country opened to your view, your eye would have beheld a strange and stirring sight.

Above your head the clear and boundless sky, its calm azure giving no tokens of the strife of the morrow; declining in the west, the gorgeous sun pouring his golden light over the land, his beams of welcome having no omen of the battle smoke and mist that shall cloud their light on the morrow morn.

Gaze on the valley below. Germantown, with its dark grey tenements, sweeps away to the south, in one unbroken line; farther on you behold the glitter of steeples, and the roofs of a large city—they are the steeples and roofs of Philadelphia. Yon belt of blue is the broad Delaware, and yon dim, dark object beyond the city, blackening the bosom of the waters, is Fort Mifflin, recently erected by General Washington.

Gaze over the fields of Germantown near the centre of the village. In every field there is the gleam of arms, on every hill-top there waves a royal banner, and over hill and plain, toward the Schuylkill on the one side, and the Delaware on the other, sweep the white tents of the British army.

The Haunt of the Rebel.

Now turn your gaze to the north, and to the northwest. The valley opens before you, and fairer valley the sun never looked down upon.

Away it sweeps to the northwest, an image of rustic beauty, here a rich copse of green woodland, just tinged by autumn, there a brown field, yonder the Wissahikon, marking its way of light, by a winding line of silver, in one green spot a village peeping out from among the trees; a little farther on, a farmer's dwelling with the massive barn and the dark, grey hay-stack; on every side life, and verdure, and cultivation, mingled and crowded together, as though the hand of God, had flung his richest blessings over the valley, and clothed the land in verdure and in beauty.

Yonder the valley sweeps away to the southwest; the sun shines over a dense mass of woodland rolling away to the blue of the horizon. Mark that woodland well, try and discern the outline of every tree, and count the miles as you gaze upon the prospect.

The distance from Chesnut Hill, is sixteen weary miles, and under that mass of woodland, beneath the shadows of those rolling forests, beside the streams hidden from your eye, in distress and in want, in defeat and in danger, rendevouz the bands of a desperate, though gallant army.

It is the Continental army, and they encamp on the banks of the Skippack. Their encampment is sad and still, no peals of music break upon the woodland air, no loud hurrahs, no shouts of arrogant victory. The morrow has a different tale to tell, for by the first flush of the coming moon, a meteor will burst over the British Hosts at Germantown, and fighting for life, for liberty, will advance the starved soldiers of the Continental host.

An Ancient Mansion and a green Lawn.

As the sun went down in his way of glory, on that 3rd day of October, 1777, his last beams flung a veil of golden light over the verdure of a green lawn, that extended from the road near the head of Germantown, bounded along the village street by a massive wall of stone, spreading north and south, over a quarter of a mile, while toward the east, it swept in all its greenness and beauty, for the distance of some two hundred yards.

A magnificent mansion arose towering on the air, a mansion built of grey stone, with a steep roof, ornamented by heavy cornices, and varied massive chimneys, with urns of brown stone, placed on pedestals of brick at each corner of the building. This fabric was at once substantial, strikingly adapted for defence in time of war, and neat and well-proportioned as regards architectural beauty. The walls thick and massive, were well supplied with windows, the hall door opened in the centre of the house, facing the road, and the steps were decorated by two marble Lions placed on either side, each holding an escutcheon in its grasp.

Here and there a green tree arose from the bosom of the lawn; in the rear of the mansion arose the brown-stone buildings of the barn, and to the north the grounds were varied by the rustic enclosures of a cattle pen.

This was the mansion of Chew's House, and that green lawn, spreading bright and golden in he beams of the declining sun, was the Battle-Field of Germantown.

One word with regard to the position of the British on the Eve of Battle.

The Camp of the Britisher.

The left wing of the British army extended

from the centre of the village, more than a mile below Chew's house, from a point near the old market house, westward across the Wissahikon, and toward the Schuylkill. The German chasseurs in their heavy uniform, the ponderous caps, defended by bear skin and steel, the massive sword, and the cumbrous ornaments of silver, were stationed in the front and on the flank of the left wing.

The right wing swept away towards the Delaware, as far as the Old York Road; each soldier well armed and accoutred, each dragoon supplied with his stout war-steed, each cannon with its file of men, ready for action, and every musket, with brilliant tube and glittering bayonet, prepared with its man, 'for the keen chase of the rebel route, whenever the master of the hounds might start the hunt.'

This wing was defended in the front by a battalion of light infantry, and the Queen's American Rangers, whose handsome accoutrements, uniform of dark green, varied by ornaments of gold, and rifles mounted with silver, gleamed gaily from amid the depths of the greenwood, presenting a brilliant contrast to the coarse blue hunting shirt, the plain rifle, and uncouth woodsman's knife that characterised the American Riflemen.

In a green field, situated near the Germantown road, a mile above Chew's house, the banner of the 40th regiment floated above the tent of Col. Musgrave, its brave commander, while the canvass dwellings of the soldiers were scattered around the field, intermingled with the tents of another battalion of light infantry.

Such was the British position at Germantown —a picket at Allan's house, Mount Airy, two miles above Chew's house—Col. Musgrave's command a mile below Allen's house—the main body two miles below Chew's, somewhere near the old market house—and this force was backed by four regiments of British Grenadiers, stationed in the barracks in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia.

And this force, exceeding 18000 able-bodied regulars, the Patriot chieftain had resolved to attack with 8000 Continental troops and 3000 militia, inferior in arms, in clothing, and in everything but the justice of their cause, to the proud soldiers of the British host.

Night and Fear in Germantown.

Night came down upon Germantown. The long shadows of the old houses were flung across the village road, and along the fields; the moon was up in the clear heavens, the dark grey roofs were tinted with silver, and glimpses of moonlight were flung around the massive barns of the village, yet its peaceful denizens had not yet retired to rest, after their good old German fashion, at early candle-light.

There was a strange fear upon the minds of the villagers. Each porch contained its little circle, the grey haired grandsire, who had suffered the bright-cheeked grandchild to glide from his knee, while he leaned forward, with animated gesture, conversing with his son in a low whisper—the blooming mother, the blue-eyed maiden, and the ruddy-cheeked, flaxen-haired boy, all sharing the interest of the scene and having but one terrible topic of discourse—the terror of war.

Could we go back to that quiet autumnal night on the 3rd of October, in the Year of the "Three Sevens," and stroll along the village street of Germantown, we would find much to interest the ear and attract the eye.

A Stroll into the Olden Time.

We would leave Chew's house behind us, we would stroll along the village street. We would note the old time costumes of the villagers, the men clad in coarse linsey wolsey, voluminous vests with wide lappels, breeches of buckskin, stockings and buckled shoes, while the head was defended by the skimming dish hat; we would admire the picturesque costume of the dames and damsels of Germantown, here and there a young lady of "quality" mincing her way in all the glory f high-heeled shoes, intricate head-dress, and fine silk gown, all hooped and frilled; there a stately dame in frock of calico, newly bought and high-priced; but most would we admire the blushing damsel of the village, her full round cheeks peeping from beneath the kerchief thrown lightly around her rich brown locks, her blue eyes glancing mischievously hither and thither, her bust, full rounded and swelling with youth and health, enclosed in the tight bodice, while the rustic petticoat of brown linsey wolsey, just long enough to disclose a plump ancle and a little foot, would possess more attractions for our eyes, than the frock of calico or gown of silk.

We could stroll along the street of the village,

and listen to the conversation of the villagers.—Every tongue speaks of war, the old man whispers the word as his grey hairs wave in the moonlight, the mother murmurs the syllable of terror as the babe seeks the shelter of her bosom, the boy gaily shouts the word, as he brandishes the rusted fowling piece in the air, and the village beau, seated beside his sweetheart, mutters that word as the thought of the British ravisher flashes over his mind.

The Old Settlers of Germantown.

Strolling from Chew's House, we would pass the BRINGHURSTS, seated on their porch, the HEILIGS, the PETERS, the UNRODS just opposite AXE'S GRAVE YARD, and the LIPPARDS, and the JOHNSONS, below the grave yard, at the opposite corners of the lane leading back to the township line; we would stroll by the mansion of the KEYSERS, near the Mœnist grave yard; further down we would pass the KNORRS, the HAINES, the PASTORIUS, the HERGESEIMERS, the ENGLES, the COOKES, the CONRADS, the WATSONS, the SCHÆFFERS and the hundred other families of Germantown, descendants of old German stock, we would pass by, as seated on the porch in front of the mansion, each family circle discussed the terrible topic of war, of bloodshed, of battle and of death.

And at every step, we would meet a British soldier, strutting by in his coat of crimson, on every side we would behold the gleam of British arms, and our ears would be saluted by the roll of British drums, beating the tattoo, and the signal cannon, announcing the hour of repose.

Midnight around Chew's House.

And as midnight gathered over the roofs of the town, as the baying of the watchdog broke upon our ears, mingled with the challenge of the sentinel, we would stroll over the lawn of Chew's House, note the grass growing greenly and freshly, heavy with dew, and then gazing upon the heavens, our hearts would ask the question, whether no omen of blood in the skies, heralded the doom and the death of the morrow?

Oh, there is something of horror in the anticipation of a certain death, when we know as surely as we know our own existence, that a coming battle will send scores of souls shrieking to their last account, when the green lawn, now silvered by the moonlight, will be soddened with blood, when the ancient mansion, now rising in the midnight air, like an emblem of rural ease, with its chimneys and its roof sleeping in the moonbeams, will be a scene of terrible contest with sword, and ball, and bayonet, when the roof will smoke with the lodged cannon ball, when the windows will send their volumes of flame across the lawn, when all around will be mist and gloom, grappling foemen, heaps of dying mingled with the dead, charging legions, and recoiling squadrons.

Sunset on the Skippack.

And as the sun went down, on that calm day of autumn, shooting his level beams thro' the wilds of the rivulet of the Skippack, there gathered within the woods, and along the shores of that stream, a gallant and desperate army, with every steed ready for the march, with the columns marshalled for the journey of death, every man with his knapsack on his shoulder, with his musket ready for action, while the broad banner of the Continental Host drooped heavily over head, its folds rent and torn by the fight of Brandywine, waving solemnly in the twilight.*

The tents were struck, the camp fires where had been prepared the hasty supper of the soldier, were still burning, the neighing of steeds, and the suppressed rattle of arms, rang thro' the grove startling the night-bird of the Skippack, when the flashing light of a decaying flame, burning around the stump of a great oak, revealed a scene of strange and terrible interest.

The Last Council.

The flame light fell upon the features of a gallant band of heroes, circling round the fire, each with his war cloak, drooping over his shoulder, half concealing the uniform of blue and buff, each with sword by his side, chapeau in hand, ready to spring upon his war steed neighing in the grove hard by, at a moment's warning, while every eye was fixed upon the face of the chieftain who stood in their midst.

By the soul of Mad Anthony it was a sight that would have stirred a man's blood to look upon—that sight of the gallant chieftains of a gallant band, clustering round the camp fire, in the last and most solemn council of war, ere they spurred their steeds forward in the march of death.

The man with the form of majesty, and that calm, impenetrable face, lighted by the hidden fire of soul bursting forth ever and again in the glance of his eye! Had you listened to the murmurs of

* The Skippack, the reader will remember, was some 16 miles from Germantown.

the dying on the field of Brandywine you would have heard the name, that has long since become a sound of prayer and blessing on the tongues of nations—the name of WASHINGTON. And by his side was GREENE, his fine countenance wearing a shade of serious thought; and there listlessly thrusting his glittering sword in the embers of the decaying fire, with his fierce eyes fixed upon the earth, while his mustachioed lip gave a stern expression to his face, was the man of Poland and the Patriot of Brandywine, PULASKI, whom it were tautology to call the brave; there was the towering form of SULLIVAN, there was CONWAY, with his fine face and expressive features, there was ARMSTRONG and NASH and MAXWELL and STIRLING and STEPHENS, all brave men and true, side by side with the gallant SMALLWOOD of Maryland, and the stalwart FORMAN of Jersey.

And there with his muscular chest, clad in the close buttoned blue coat, with his fatigue cloak thrown over his left shoulder, with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, was the hero of Chadd's Ford, the Commander of the Massacred of Paoli, the future avenger of Stony Point, ANTHONY WAYNE, whom the soldiers loved in their delight to name MAD ANTHONY; shouting that name in the hour of the charge and in the moment of death like a watchword of terror to the British Army.

Clustered around their Chief, were the aids de-camp of Washington, JOHN MARSHALL, afterwards Chief Justice of the States, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, gifted, gallant, and brave, Washington's counsellor in the hour of peril, his bosom friend and confidant, all standing in the same circle with PICKERING and LEE, the Captain of the Partizan Band, with his slight form and swarthy face, who was on that eventful night detailed for duty near the Commander-in-chief.

The Plan of the Battle.

And as they stood there clustered round the person of Washington, in a mild yet decided voice, the chieftain spoke to them of the plan of the contemplated surprise and battle.

It was his object to take the British by surprise. He intended for the accomplishment of this object, to attack them at once in the front of each wing, as well as in the front of the centre; on the flank and on the rear of each wing. This plan of operation would force the American commander to extend the continental army over a surface of from five to seven miles.

In order to make this plan of attack effective, it would be necessary for the American army to separate near Skippack, and advance to Germantown in four divisions, marching through as many roads.

General Armstrong with the Pennsylvania militia, 3000 strong, was to march down the *Manatawny road* (now Ridge road,) and traversing the shores of the Schuylkill, until the beautiful Wissahikon poured into its bosom, he was to turn the left flank of the enemy at *Vandurings* (now Robinson's) Mill, and then advance eastward, along the bye roads, until two miles distance between this mill and the Germantown market-house were accomplished.

Meanwhile the Militia of Maryland and New Jersey, were to take up their line of march some seven or eight miles to the eastward of Armstrong's position, and over three miles distance from Germantown. They were to march down the Old York Road, turn the right flank of the enemy, and attack it in the rear, also entering the town at the market-house, which was the central point of operation for all the divisions.

Between Germantown and Old York Road, at the distance of near two miles from the village, extends a road, called Limekiln road. The divisions of Greene and Stephens flanked by McDougal's Brigade were to take a circuit by this road, and attack the front of the enemy's right wing. They also were to enter the town by the market-house.

The main body, with which was Washington, Wayne, and Sullivan, were to advance toward Germantown by the Great Northern Road, entering the town by way of Chesnut Hill, some four miles distant from the Market-house.

A column of this body was led on by Sullivan another by Wayne, and Conway's Brigade flanked the entire force.

While these four divisions advanced, the division of Lord Stirling, combined with the brigades of Maxwell and Nash were to form a corps de reserve.

The reader, and the student of American History, has now the plan of battle spread out before him. In order to take in the full particulars of this magnificent plan of battle, it may be necessary to remember the exact nature of the ground around Germantown.

The Ground around Germantown.

In some places plain and level, in others broken by ravines, rendered intricate by woods, tangled by thickets, or traversed by streams, it was in its most accessible points, and most favorable as-

pects, broken by enclosures, difficult fences, massive stone walls, or other boundary marks of land, rendering the operation of cavalry at all times hazardous, and often impossible.

In the vicinage of the town, for near a mile on either side, the land spread greenly away, in level fields, still broken by enclosures, and then came thick woods, steep hills and dark ravines.

The base line of operations was the country around Skippack Creek, from which point, Washington, like a mighty giant, spread forth the four arms of his force, clutching the enemy in front, on his wings and on his rear, all at the same moment.

It was a magnificent plan of battle, and success already seemed to hover round the American banner, followed by a defeat of the British, as terrible as that of Yorktown, when the red-coat heroes of Germantown struck their own Lion from his rock.

As Washington went over the details of battle, each brave officer and scarred chieftain leaned forward, taking in every word, with absorbing interest, and then receiving the orders of his commander, with the utmost attention and consideration.

All was now planned, everything was ready for the march, each General mounted on his war-steed, rode to the head of his division, and with a low solemn peal of music, the night-march of Germantown commenced.

And through the solemn hours of that night, along the whole valley, on every side, was heard the half suppressed sound of marching legions, mingled with the low muttered word of command, the clank of arms and the neighing of war-steeds —all dim and indistinct, yet terrible to hear.— The farmer sleeping on his humble couch, rushed to the window of his rustic mansion at the sound, and while his wife stood beside him, all tremor and affright, and his little ones clung to his knees in alarm, he saw with a mingled look of surprise and fear, the forms of an armed band, some on horse and some on foot, sweeping through his green fields, as the dim moonbeams shining through the gathering mist and gloom, shone over glittering arms, and dusky banners, all gliding past, like phantoms of the Spectre Land.

Part the Second.

THE SHROUD OF DEATH.

Ghastly and white,
Through the gloom of the night,
From plain and from heath,
Like a shroud of death,
The mist all slowly and sullenly sweeps—
A shroud of death for the myriad brave,
Who to-morrow shall find the tombless grave—
In mid heaven now a bright spirit weeps;
While sullenly, slowly rises that pall,
Crimson tears for the brave who shall fall,
Crimson tears for the dead without tomb,
Crimson tears for the death and the doom—
Crimson tears of an angel's sorrow,
For the havoc, the bloodshed, the carnage and gloom,
That shall startle the field on the morrow;—
And up to the heavens now whitens the mist,
Shrouding the morn with a fiery glare;
Solemn voices now startle the air,
To their sounds of omen you are fain to list:
To listen and tremble, and hold your breath;
While the air is thronging with shapes of death.
"On, on over valley and plain the legions tramp,
Scenting the foemen who sleep in their camp;
Now bare the sword from its sheath blood-red,
Now dig the pits for the unwept dead;
Now let the cannon give light to the hour,
And carnage stalk forth in his crimson power.
Lo! on the plain lay myriads gasping for breath—
While the mist it is rising—THE SHROUD OF DEATH!"

The Daybreak Watch.

Along the porch of an ancient mansion, surmounting the height of Mount Airy, strode the sentinel of the British picket, his tall form looming like the figure of a giant in the gathering mist, while the musquet on his shoulder was grasped by a hand red with American blood.

He strode slowly along the porch, keeping his lonely watch; now turning to gaze at the dark shadow of the mansion towering above him, now fixing his eye along the Germantown road, as it wound down the hill, on its northward course; and again he gazed upon the landscape around him, wrapt in a gathering mist, which chilled his blood, and rendered all objects around him dim and indistinct.

Up Rises the Mist.

All around was vague and shadowy. The mist, with its white wreaths and snowy columns, came sweeping up on every side, from the bosom of the Wissahikon, from the depths of a thousand brooklets, over hill and over valley, circled that dense and gathering exhalation; covering the woods with its ghastly pall, rolling over the plains, and

winding upward around the height of Mount Airy, enveloping the cottages opposite the sentinel in its folds of gloom, and confining the view to a space of twenty paces from the porch, where he kept his solitary watch—to him, a watch of death.

It is now daybreak, and a strange sound meets that soldier's ear. It is now daybreak, and his comrades sleep within the walls of Allen's house, and a strange, low, murmuring noise, heard from a great distance, causes him to incline his ear with attention, and to listen with hushed breath and parted lips.

The Sound of Distant Waters.

He listens. It is a distant sound—very distant; like the rush of waters, or the moaning of the young August storm, bursting into life amid the ravines of the far-off mountains. It swells on the ear—it spreads to the east and to the west: it strikes the sentinel's heart with a strange fear, and he shoulders his musquet with a firmer grasp; and now a merry smile wreathes his lips.

That sound—it is the rush of waters: the Wissahikon has flooded its banks, and is pouring its torrent over the meadows, while it rolls onward towards the Schuylkill. The sentinel smiles at his discovery, and resumes his measured stride. He is right—and yet not altogether right. A stream has burst its banks, but not the Wissahikon. A stream of vengeance—dark, wild, and terrible, vexed by passion, aroused by revenge, boiling and seething from its unfathomable deeps—is flowing from the north, and on its bosom are borne men with strong arms and stout hearts, swelling the turbulence of the waters; while a tide of sword and bayonet is rushing madly onward.

The day is breaking—sadly and ghastly breaking; along the veil of mist, that whitens over the face of nature like a SHROUD OF DEATH FOR MILLIONS, the day is slowly, solemnly, and sadly breaking, and the sentinel leans idly upon the bannisters of the porch, relaxes the grasp of his musquet, inclines his head to one side, and no longer looks upon the face of nature covered by mist. He sleeps. The sound not long ago far off, is now near and mighty in its volume, the tramp of steeds startles the silence of the road, suppressed tones are heard, and there is a noise like the moving of legions.

The First Corse of Germantown.

It grows nearer and nearer! The clatter of horses' hoofs break along the road above Mount Airy, and one long blaze of light glares through the whitening mist, lifting for a moment the pall of gloom, while a terrible echo arises, shrieking around the scene. The light blazes through the mist, and at the very moment the clatter of a falling musquet rings along the porch of Allen's house. The sentinel is dead at his post, his back to the floor of the porch, his ghastly face upturned, and his muscular hands vainly clutching at the red wound between his eyes.

That strange flash, lifting the shroud of mist, is the first shot of the battle-day of Germantown; and that corpse stretched along the floor of the porch, is the first dead man of that day of horror.

And now forms of armed men, with eager faces and stout forms, with upraised musquets and drawn swords, break on the scene, and surround Allen's house; while the voice of Sullivan is heard far down the road, urging the men of the first column onward in the march; and then the battle shout of Anthony Wayne is borne along by the morning breeze.

The Hunt is Up.

Allen's house is surrounded. The soldiers of the picket guard rush wildly from their beds, from the scene of their late carousal by the fire they rush, and seize their arms—but in vain! A blaz of fire streams in every window, soldier after sol ier falls heavily to the floor, the picket guard a surprised, Allen's house is secured, and the hu is up!

Great God, what a scene! The whole roa farther than eye could see, farther than ear cou hear, crowded by armed men, hurrying over Che nut Hill, hurrying along the valley between Che nut Hill and Mount Airy, sweeping up the hill Allen's house, rushing onward in one dense co umn, with the tall form of Sullivan at their hea with the war shout of Anthony Wayne hear from the centre of his column; while riding fro rank to rank, speeding from battalion to battalio from column to column, a form of majesty swee by, mounted on a steed of iron grey, waving e couragement to the men, while every lip repea the whisper, and every heart beats at the soun echoed like a word of magic along the lines- "There he rides—how grandly his form towers the mist; it's Washington—it's Washington and the whole army take up the sound—"It Washington!"

Allen's house was passed, and now the path o the central body of the army lay along the descent of the road from Mount Airy, for the space of a

mile, until the quarters of Colonel Musgrave's regiment were reached.

The Tramp of the Legions.

The descent was like the path of a hurricane. The light of the breaking day, streaming dimly through mist and gloom, fell over the forms of the patriot band as they swept down the hill, every man with his musquet ready for the charge, every trooper with his sword drawn, every eye fixed upon the shroud of mist in front of their path, in the vain effort to gaze upon the position of the advance post of the enemy a mile below, every heart throbbing wildly with the excitement of the coming contest, and all prepared for the keen encounter,—the fight, hand to hand, foot to foot, the charge of death, and the sweeping hail of the iron cannon ball and the leaden bullet.

How it would have made your heart throb, and beat and throb again, to have stood on that hill of Mount Airy, and looked upon the legions as they rushed by.

Sullivan's men have passed, they are down the hill, and you see them below,—rank after rank disappearing in the pall of the enveloping mist.

The Men of Paoli.

Here they come—a band brave and true, a band with scarred faces and sunburnt visages, with rusted musquets and tattered apparel, yet with true hearts and stout hands.

In their midst rides that soldier with the tall form, marked by the broad shoulders and the muscular chest; that soldier with the eye of fire and the voice like thunder; now he waves his sword on high, now he turns from side to side, speaking cheerfully to his soldiers, while his steed springs forward in the race, and every eye beholds him, and every heart gathers courage at the echo of his name.

And then his voice—how it rings out upon the morning air, rising above the clatter of arms and the tramp of steeds, rising in a mighty shout—"On, boys, on! In a moment we'll have them. On, comrades, on—and REMEMBER PAOLI!"

Conway on the March.

And then comes the band with the gallant Frenchman at their head, the brave Conway, brave though unfortunate, also rushing wildly by, in the train of the hunt; while your eye sickens as you gaze over file after file of brave men, with mean apparel and meaner arms, some half clad, others well nigh barefoot, yet treading gaily over the flinty ground; some with fragments of a coat on their backs, others without covering for their head, all marked by wounds, all thinned by hunger and disease, yet every man of them is firm, every hand is true, as it clutches the musquet with an eager grasp.

The Brave Polander.

Ha! That gallant band who came trooping on, spurring their stout steeds, with wide haunches and chests of iron, hastily forward, that band with every face seamed by scars, and darkened by the thick mustachio, every eye gleaming beneath a knit brow, every swarthy hand raising the tremendous sword on high. They wear the look of foreigners, the manner of men trained to fight in the exterminating wars of Europe.

And their leader is tall and well-proportioned, with a dark-hued face, marked by a compressed lip, rendered fierce by the overhanging mustachio; his brow is shaded by the trooper's plume, and his hand grasps the trooper's sword. He speaks to his men in a foreign tongue, he reminds them of the well-fought field on the plain of Poland, he whispers a quick, terrible memento of Brandywine and Paoli, and the clear word rings from his lips.

"Forwarts,—brüdern,—forwarts!"

It is the band of Pulaski sweeping past, eager for the hunt of death, and as they spur their steeds forward, a terrible confusion arises far ahead.

The Eagle darts upon the Lion.

There is flashing of strange fires through the folds of mist, lifting the snow-white pall for a moment—there is rolling of musquetry, rattling like the thunderbolt ere it strikes—there is the tramp of hurrying legions, the far-off shout of the charging continentals, and the yells and shouts of the surprised foemen.

Sullivan is upon the camp of the enemy, upon them with the terror of ball and bayonet. They rush from their camp, they form hastily across the road, in front of their baggage, each red-coated trooper seeks his steed, each footman grasps his musquet and the loud voice of Musgrave, hurrying wildly along the line of crimson attire and flashing bayonets is heard above all other sounds,—"Form—lads, form—fall in there—to your arms, lads, to your arms.—Form, comrades, form!"

In vain his shouting, in vain the haste of his men rushing from their beds, into the very path of the advancing continentials! The men of Sullivan are upon them! They sweep on with one bold front, the forms of the troopers, mounted on their war-steeds, looming through the mist, as with sword

upraised, and battle-shout pealing to the skies, they lead on the charge of death!

Eternity crowded into a Moment.

A moment of terror, a moment made an age by suspense! The troopers meet, mid-way in their charge, horse to horse, sword mingled with sword, eye glaring in eye, they meet, and as the earthquake shock shakes the very ground, steeds recoil on their haunches, the British strew the road side, flooding the dust with their blood, and the music of battle, the fierce music of dying groans and cries of death, rises up with the fog, startling the very heavens with its discord!

The hunt is up!

"On—boys—on"—rings the voice of Mad Anthony—"on—comrades—on—and Remember Paoli!"

"*Charge!*" sounds the voice of Washington, shrieking along the line, like the voice of a mighty spirit—"upon them—over them!" Conway reechoes the sound, Sullivan has already made the air ring with his shout, and now Pulaski, takes up the cry—"*Forwarts—brüdern—Forwarts!*"

The hunt is up!

The fight of the Avengers.

The British face the bayonets of the advancing Americans, but in vain! Each bold backwoodsman sends his volley of death along the British line, and then clubbing his musquet rushes wildly forward, beating the red-coat to the sod with a blow that cannot be stayed. The British troopers rush forward in the charge, but ere half the distance between them and the American host is measured, Mad Anthony comes thundering on, with his Legion of Iron, and as his war-shout swells loudly above, the red-coats are driven back by the hurricane force of his charge, the ground is strewn with the dying, and the red hoofs of the horse, trample madly over the faces of the dead.

Wayne charges, Pulaski charges, Conway brings up his men, and Washington rides in the very glare of the mellay.

A Scene lighted by the Musket-flash.

The fires of the infantry, spreading a sheeted flame thro' the folds of the mist, light up the scene, and the never-ceasing clang of sword against sword, the low muttered shriek of the fallen, vainly trying to stop the flow of blood, the wild, dread yell of the soldier, gazing madly round as he receives his death wound, the shout of the charge, and the involuntary cry of 'quarter,' all furnish a music most dread and horrible, as tho' an infernal band, were urging on the work of slaughter with their notes of fiendish mockery.

That flash of musquetry! What a light it gives the scene! Above, clouds of white mist and lurid smoke; around, all hurry, and tramp, and motion, faces darkened by all the passions of a demon, glaring madly in the light, blood red hands upraised, meeting foemen grappling in contest, swords rising and falling, glaring and glittering, the forms of the wounded, with their faces buried in the earth, the ghastly dead, all heaped up in positions of ludicrous mockery of death, along the roadside!

That flash of musquetry!

The form of Washington is in the centre of the mellay, the battle glare lighting up his face of majesty; the stalwart form of Wayne is seen riding hither and thither, waving a dripping sword in his good right hand; the figure of Pulaski, dark as the form of an earth riven spirit of some German story, breaks on your eye, as, enveloped in mist, he seems rushing everywhere at the same moment, fighting in all points of the contest, hurrying his men onward, and driving the affrighted British before him, with the terror of his charge.

"To Chew's House—Away!"

And Col. Musgrave—where is he?

He shouts the charge to his men, he hurries hither and thither, he shouts till he is hoarse, he fights till his person is red with the blood of his own men, slain before his very eyes, but all in vain!

He shouts the word of retreat along his line—"Away, my men, away to Chew's House—away!"

The retreat commences, and then, indeed, the hunt of death is up in good earnest.

The British wheel down the Germantown road, they turn their backs to their foes, they flee wildly toward Germantown, leaving their dead and dying in their wake, man and horse, they flee, some scattering their arms by the roadside, others weakened by loss of blood, feebly endeavoring to join the retreat, and then falling dead in the path of the pursuers, who with one bold front, with one firm step rush after the British in their flight, ride down the fleeing ranks, and scatter death along the hurrying columns.

The fever of bloodshed grows hotter, the chase grows fearful in interest, the hounds who so often have worried down the starved Americans, are now hunted in their turn.

And in the very van of pursuit, his tall form seen by every soldier, rode George Washington, his mind strained to a pitch of agony, as the crisis of the contest approached, and by his side rode Mad Anthony Wayne, now Mad Anthony indeed, for his whole appearance was changed, his eye seemed turned to a thing of living flame, his face was begrimed with soot, his sword was red with blood and his battle-shout rung fiercer on the air—

"Over them boys—upon them—over them, and REMEMBER PAOLI!"

"Now, Wayne, *now*"—shouted Washington—"one charge more and we have them!"

"Forwarts—brudern—forwarts!" shouted Pulaski, as his iron band came thundering on—"Forwarts—for Washington—Forwarts!"

The Flight along the Germantown Road

The British leader wheeled his steed for a moment and gazed upon his pursuers. All around was bloodshed, gloom, and death, mist and smoke above, flame around, and mangled corses below.—With one hoarse shout, he again bade his men make for Chew's House, and again the dying scattered along the path looked up, and beheld the British sweeping madly down the road.

The vanguard of the pursuers had gained the upper end of Chew's wall, when the remnant of the British force disappeared in the fog; file after file of the crimson-coated British were lost to sight in the mist, and in the very heat and flush of the chase, the American army was brought to a halt in front of Chew's wall, each soldier falling back on his comrade with a sudden recoil while the officers gazed on each other's faces in vain inquiry for the cause of this unexpected delay.

The fog gathered in dense folds over the heads of the soldiers, thicker and more dense it gathered every instant; the enemy was lost to sight in the direction of Chew's lawn, and a fearful pause of silence from the din and tumult of bloodshed ensued for a single moment.

The Council in the heat of Battle.

Leaning from his steed in front of the gate that led into Chew's lawn, Washington gazed round upon the faces of his staff, who circled him on every side, with each steed recoiling on his haunches from the sudden effect of the halt.

Washington was about to speak as he leaned from his steed, with his sword half lowered in the misty air, he was about to speak, and ask the meaning of this sudden disappearance of the British, when a lurid flash, lifted up the fog from the lawn, and the thunder of musquetry echoed along the air, quivering among the nooks and corners of the ancient houses on the opposite side of the street.

Another moment, and a soldier with face all crimsoned with blood and darkened by battle smoke rushed thro' the group clustering around the horse of Washington, and in a hurried voice announced that the remnant of the British Regiment had thrown themselves into the substantial stone mansion on the left, and seemed determined to make good a desperate defence.

"What say you, gentlemen"—cried Washington—"shall we press onward, into the town, and attack the main body of the enemy at once, or shall we first drive the enemy from their strong hold, at this mansion on our left?"

The answer of Wayne was short and to the point. "Onward"—he shouted, and his sword rose in the air, all dripping with blood—"Onward into the town—our soldiers are warmed with the chase—onward, and with another blow, we have them!"

And the gallant Hamilton, the brave Pickering, the gifted Marshall, echoed the cry—"Onward"—while the hoarse shout of Pulaski rang out in the air—"Forwarts—brüdern—Forwarts!"

"It is against every rule of military science"—exclaimed General Knox, whose opinion in council was ever valuable with Washington—"It is against every rule of military science, to leave a fortified stronghold in the rear of an advancing army. Let us first reduce the mansion on our left, and then move forward into the centre of the town!"

There was another moment of solemn council the older officers of the staff united in opinion with Knox, and with one, quick anxious glance around the seene of fog and mist, Washington gave the orders to storm the house.

Storm the House.

And at the word while a steady volume of flame was flashing from Chew's House, every window pouring forth its blaze, flashing over the wreath of mist, the continentals, horse and foot, formed across the road, to the north of the house, eager for the signal, which would bid them advance into the very jaws of death.

The artillery were ranged some three hundred yards from the mansion—their cannon being placed on a slight elevation, and pointed at the north-west corner of the house. This was one of the grand mistakes of the battle, occasioned by the density of the fog. Had the cannon been placed in a proper position, the house would have been reduced ere the first warm flush of pursuit was cold in the cheeks of the soldiers.

But the fog gathered thicker and more densely around, the soldiers moved like men moving in the dark, and all was vague, dim, undefined and uncertain,

All ready for the Banquet of Death.

All was ready for the storm. Here were men with firebrands ready to rush forward under the cover of the first volley of musquetry and fire the house; here were long lines of soldiers grasping their guns with a quick nervous movement, one foot advanced in the act of springing forward; yonder were the cannoniers, their pieces loaded, the linstock in the hand of one soldier, while another stood ready with the next charge of ammunition; on every side was intense suspense and expectation, and heard above all other sounds, the rattle of the British musquets, rose like thunder over Chew's lawn, and seen the brightest of all other sights, the light of the British guns, streamed red and lurid over the field. giving a strange brilliancy to the wreaths of mist above, and columns of armed men below.

The Flag of Truce.

Tradition states that at this moment, when every thing was ready for the storm of death, an expression of the most intense thought passed over the impenetrable countenance of Washington. Every line of his features was marked by thought, his lip was sternly compressed, and his eye gathered a strange brilliancy.

He turned to the east, and bent one long anxious gaze over the white folds of mist, as though he would pierce the fog with his glance, and gaze upon the advancing columns of Greene and Stephen. He inclined his head to one side of his steed, and listened for the tramp of their war-horses, but in vain. He turned towards Germantown; all was silent in that direction, the main body of the enemy were not yet in motion.

And then in a calm voice, he asked for an officer who would consent to bear a flag of truce to the enemy. A young and gallant officer of Lee's Rangers, sprang from his horse, his name Lieut. Smith, he assumed the snow-white flag held sacred by all nations, and, with a single glance at the Continental array, he advanced to Chew's House.

In a moment he was lost to sight amid the folds of the fog, and his way lay over the green lawn for some two hundred yards. All was still and silent around him. Tradition states that the fire from the house ceased for a moment, while Musgrave's band were silently maturing their plan of desperate defence. The young soldier advanced along his lonely path, speeding through the bosom of the fog, all objects lost to his sight, save the green verdure of the sod, yet uncrimsoned by blood, and here and there the trunk of a giant tree looming blackly through the mist.

The outline of a noble mansion began to dawn on his eye, first the sloping roof, then the massive chimneys, then the front of the edifice, and then its windows, all crowded with soldiers in their crimson attire, whiskered face appearing above face, with grisly musket and glittering bayonet, thrust out upon the air, while with fierce glances, the hirelings looked forth into the bosom of that fearful mist, which still, like a death-shroud for millions, hung over the lawn, and over the chimneys of the house.

The Honor of the Britisher.

The young officer came steadily on, and now he stood some thirty paces from the house, waving his white flag on high, and then with an even step he advanced toward the hall door. He advanced, but he never reached that hall door. He was within the scope of the British soldiers' vision, they could have almost touched him with an extended flag-staff, when the loud word of command rang through the house, a volley of fire blazed from every window, and the whole American army saw the fog lifted from the surface of the lawn, like a vast curtain from the scenes of a magnificent theatre,

Slowly and heavily that curtain uprose, and a hail storm of bullets whistled across the plain, when the soldiers of the Continental host looked for their messenger of peace.

They beheld a gallant form in front of the mansion. He seemed making an effort to advance, and then he tottered to and fro, and his white flag disappeared for a moment; and the next instant he fell down like a heavy weight upon the sod, and a hand trembling with the pulse of death was raised above his head, waving a white flag in the air. That flag was stained with blood: it was

the warm blood flowing from the young Virginian's heart.

Along the whole American line there rang one wild yell of horror. Old men raised their musquets on high, while the tears gathered in their eyes; the young soldiers all moved forward with one sudden step; a wild light blazed in the eye of Washington; Wayne waved his dripping sword on high; Pulaski raised his proud form in the stirrups, and gave one meaning glance to his men; and then, through every rank and file, through every column and solid square, rang the terrible words of command, and high above all other sounds was heard the voice of Washington—

"*Charge*, for your country and for vengeance—CHARGE!"

Part the Third.

THE FIGHT AT CHEW'S HOUSE.

Now bare the sword from its sheath blood-red,
'Tis wet with the gore of the massacred dead;
Now raise the sword in the cause most holy—
And while the whispers of ghosts break on your ear,
Oh! strike without mercy, or pity, or fear;
Oh! strike for the massacred dead of Paoli!

REVOLUTIONARY SONG.

The Flame around the House.

And while the mist gathered thicker and darker above, while the lurid columns of battle smoke waved like a banner overhead, while all around was dim and indistinct,—all objects rendered larger and swelled to gigantic proportions by the action of the fog,—along that green lawn arose the sound of charging legions, and the blaze of musquetry flashing from the windows of Chew's house, gave a terrible light to the theatre of death.

Again, like a vast curtain, the mist uprose,—again were seen armed men brandishing swords aloft, or presenting fixed bayonets, or holding the sure rifle in their unfailing grasp, or yet again waving torches on high, all rushing madly forward, still in regular columns, file after file, squadron after squadron—a fierce array of battle and of death.

The Theatre of Death.

It was a sight worth a score of peaceful years to see! The dark and heavy pall of battle smoke overhead, mingled with curling wreaths of snow-white mist—the curtain of this theatre of death—the mansion of dark, grey stone, rising massive and ponderous from the lawn, each peak and corner, each buttress and each angle, shown clearly by the light of the musquet flash—the green lawn spreading away from the house—the stage of the dread theatre—crowded by bands of advancing men, with arms glittering in the fearful light, with fierce faces stamped with looks of vengeance, sweeping forward with one steady step, their eyes fixed upon the fatal house; while over their heads, and among their ranks, swept and fell the leaden bullets of their foes, hissing through the air with the sound of serpents, or pattering on the sod like a hailstorm of death.

And while a single brigade, with which was Washington and Sullivan and Wayne, swept onward toward the house, the other troops of the central division, extending east and west along the fields, were forced to remain inactive spectators of this scene of death, while each man vainly endeavored to pierce the gloom of the mist and smoke and observe the course of the terrible fight.

The Forlorn Hope.

Some thirty yards of green lawn now lay between the forlorn hope of the advancing Americans and Chew's house; all became suddenly still and hushed, and the continentals could hear their own foot tramp breaking upon the air with a deadened sound, as they swept onward toward the mansion.

A moment of terrible stillness, and then a moment of bloodshed and horror! Like the crash of thunderbolts meeting in the zenith from distant points of the heavens, the sound of musquetry broke over the lawn, and from every window of Chew's house, from the hall door, and from behind the chimneys on the roof, rolled the dense columns of musquet smoke; while on every side, overhead, around, and beneath, the musquet flash of the British glared like earth-riven lightning in the faces of the Americans, and then the mist and smoke came down like a pall, and for a moment all was dark as midnight.

A wild yell broke along the American line, and then the voice of Wayne rung out through the darkness and the gloom—"Sweep forward under

the cover of the smoke—sweep forward and storm the house!"

The Torch and the Scaling Ladder.

They came rushing on, the gallant band of rangers, bearing torches in their hands—they came rushing on, and their path lay over the mangled bodies of the forlorn hope, scattered along the sod, in all the ghastliness of wounds and death, and at their backs advanced with measured step the firm columns of the continental army, while the air was heavy with the shriek of wounded men, and burdened with cries of death.

On they swept, trampling over the faces of the dead in the darkness and gloom, and then the terrible words of command rung out upon the air—"Advance and fire—advance and storm the house!"

A volley of sheeted flame arose from the bosom of the fog along the lawn, the thunder of the American musquetry broke upon the air, and the balls were heard pattering against the walls of the house, and tearing splinters from the roof.

Another moment, and the pall of mist and battle smoke is swept aside, revealing a scene that a thousand words might not describe—a scene whose hurry, and motion, and glare, and horror, the pencil of the artist might in vain essay to picture.

There were glittering bayonets thrust from the windows of the house,—there were fierce faces, with stout forms robed in crimson attire, thrust from every casement,—there were bold men waving torches on high, rushing around the house; here a party were piling up combustible brushwood and faggots, here a gallant band were affixing their scaling ladder to a second story window, yonder another gallant band were thundering away at the hall door, with musquet and battle axe; while along the whole sweep of the wide lawn poured the fire of the continental host, with a flash like lightning, yet with uncertain and ineffectual aim.

The Fate of the Stormers.

The hand of the soldier with the band gathered near the combustible pile under a window—the hand of the soldier was extended with the blazing torch, he was about to fire the heap of faggots, when his shattered arm fell to his side, and a dead comrade came toppling over his chest.

A soldier near the hall door had been foremost among that gallant band, the barricades were torn away, all obstructions well nigh cleared, and he raised his battle axe to hew the door in fragments, when the axe fell with a clanging sound upon the threshold stone, and his comrades caught his falling body in their arms, while his severed jaw hung loosely on his breast.

The party who rushed forward in the endeavor to scale the window! The ladder was fixed—across the trench dug around Chew's house it was fixed—the hands of two sturdy continentals held it firm, and a file of desperate men, headed by a stalwart backwoodsman, in rough blue shirt and fur cap, with buck-tail plume, began the ascent of death.

The foot of the backwoodsman touched the second round of the scaling ladder, when he sprang wildly in the air, over the heads of his comrades, and fell dead in the narrow trench, with a death shriek that rang in the ears of all who heard it for life. A musquet ball had penetrated his skull, and the red torrent was already streaming over his forehead, and along his swarthy features.

The Americans again rushed forward to the house, but it was like rushing into the embrace of death; again they scaled the windows, again were they driven back, while the dead bodies of their comrades littered the trench; again they strode boldly up to the hall door, and again did soldier after soldier crimson the threshold stone with his blood.

The Sound of Marching Legions.

And while the battle swelled fiercest, and the flame flashing from the windows of Chew's house was answered by the volley of the continental brigade, two sounds came sweeping along the air, one from the south, and the other from the northwest. They were the sounds of marching men—the tread of hurrying legions.

On the summit of a gentle knoll, surrounded by the officers of his staff, Washington had watched the progress of the fight around Chew's mansion, not more than two hundred yards distant.

Washington and his Terrible Suspense.

With his calm and impenetrable face, wearing an unmoved expression, he had seen the continentals disappear in the folds of the fog, he had seen file after file marching on their way of death, he had heard the roar of contest, the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of the dying had startled his ear, but not a muscle of his countenance moved not a feature trembled.

But when those mingling sounds of marching men came pealing on his ear, he inclined slightly to one side of his steed and then to the other, as if in the effort to catch the slightest sound, his

lips were fixedly compressed and his eye flashed and flashed again, until it seemed turning to a thing of living flame.

The Horseman and his Message.

The sounds grew near, and nearer! A horseman approached from the direction of Germantown, his steed was well nigh exhausted and the rider swayed heavily to and fro in the saddle. The horse came thundering up the knoll, and a man with a ghastly face, spotted with blood, leaned from the saddles and shrieked forth, as he panted for breath—

"General—they are in motion—they are marching through Germantown—Kniphausen, Agnew, and Grey, they will be on you in a moment, and—Cornwallis—Cornwallis is sweeping from Philadelphia."

The word had not passed his lips, when he fell from his steed a ghastly corpse.

Another messenger stood by the side of Washington—his steed was also exhausted, and his face was covered with dust, but not with blood. He panted for breath as he shrieked forth an exclamation of joy:—

"Greene is marching from the northwest—attracted by the fire in this quarter, he has deviated from his path, and will be with you in a moment!"

And as he spoke, the forms of a vast body of men began to move, dim and indistinctly, from the folds of the fog on the northwest, and then the glare of crimson was seen appearing from the bosom of the mist on the south, as a long column of red coated soldiers, began to break slowly on the vision of Washington and his men.

Germantown Aroused by distant Thunder.

Turn we for a moment to Germantown.

The first glimpse of day, flung a grey and solemn light over the tenements of Germantown, when the sound of distant thunder, aroused the startled inhabitants from their beds, and sent them hurriedly into the street, where they crowded in small groups, each one asking his neighbor for the explanation of this sudden alarm, and each one inclining his ear to the north, listening intently to those faint yet terrible sounds, thundering along the northern horizon.

The crowded moments of that eventful morn, wore slowly on, and ere the day was yet light, the streets of Germantown were all in motion, crowds of anxious men were hurrying hither and thither, mothers stood on the rustic porch, gathering their babes in a closer embrace, and old men, risen in haste from their beds, clasped their withered hands and lifted their eyes to heaven in muttered prayer, as their ears were startled by the sounds of omen pealing from the north.

The British leaders were yet asleep, the soldiers of the camp, it is true, had risen hastily from their couches, and along the entire line of the British encampment, ran a vague yet terrible rumor of coming battle and of sudden death, yet the generals in command slept soundly in their beds, visited, it may be, with pleasant dreams of massacred rebels, fancy pictures of the night of Paoli, mingled with a graphic sketch of the head of Washington adorning one of the gates of London, while the grim visage of mad Anthony Wayne figured on another.

The Message for General Grey.

The footstep of a booted soldier rang along the village street, near the market-house, in the centre of the village, and presently a tall grenadier strode up the stone steps of an ancient mansion, spoke a hurried word to the sentinel at the door, and then hastily entered the house. In a moment he stood beside the couch of General Grey, he roused him with a rude shake of his vigorous hands, and the startled Britisher sprang up as hastily in his bed as though he had been dreaming a dream of the terrible night of Paoli.

"Your Excellency—the Rebels are upon us!" cried the grenadier—"they have driven in our outposts, they surround us on every side—"

"We must fight it out—away to Kniphausen—away to Agnew—"

"They are already in the field, and the men are about advancing to Chew's House."

But a moment elapsed, and the British general with his attire flung hastily over his person, rode to the head of his command, and while Kniphausen, gay with the laurels of Brandywine, rode from rank to rank, speaking encouragement to his soldiers in his broken dialect, the British army moved forward over the fields and along the solitary streets of Germantown towards Chew's House.

The brilliant front of the British extended in a flashing array of crimson, over the fields, along the streets, and through the wreaths of mist on every side shone the glitter of bayonets, on every hand was heard the terrible tramp of 16,000 men

sweeping onward, toward the field of battle, their swords eager for American blood.

To Chew's House!

As the column under command of General Agnew swept through the village street, every man noted the strange silence that seemed to have come down upon the village like a spell. The houses were all carefully closed, as though they had not been inhabited for years, the windows were barricaded, and the earthquake tramp of the vast body of soldiers was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the town.

Not a single inhabitant was seen. Some had fled wildly to the fields, others had hastened with the strange and fearful curiosity of our nature to the very verge of the battle of Chew's House, and in the cellars of the houses gathered many a wild and affrighted group, mothers holding their little children to their breasts, old men whose eyes were vacant with enfeebled intellect asking wildly the cause of all this alarm, while many a fair-cheeked maiden turned pale with horror, as the thunder of the cannon seemed to shake the very earth.

The Legend of General Agnew.

A singular legend is told in relation to General Agnew. Tradition states, that on that eventful morn, as he led the troops onward through the town, a singular change was noted in his appearance. His cheeks were pale as death, his compressed lip trembled with a nervous movement, and his eyes glared hither and thither with a strange wild glance.

He turned to the aid-de-camp at his side, and said with a ghastly smile, that this day's work would be his last on earth, that this battle-field would be the last he should fight, that it became him to look well at the gallant array of war, and share in the thickest of the fight, for in war and in fight should his hand this day strike its last and dying blow.

The Strange Old Man.

And tradition states that as his column neared the Mœnisht grave-yard,* a man of strange and wild aspect, clad in the skins of wild beasts, with scarred face and unshaven beard, came leaping over the grave-yard wall, and asked a soldier of the British column, with an idiotic smile, whether that gallant officer, riding at the head of the men, was the brave General Grey, who had so nobly routed the rebels at Paoli?

The soldier replied with a peevish oath that yonder officer was General Grey, and he pointed to General Agnew as he spoke.

The strange man said never a word, but smiled with a satisfied look, and sprang over the grave-yard wall, and as he sprang, a bullet whistled past the ear of General Agnew, and a thin column of blue smoke wound upward from the grave-yard wall.

The General turned and smiled. His officers would have searched the grave-yard for the author of the shot, but a sound broke on their ears from the road above, and presently the clatter of hoofs and the clamor of swords came thundering through the mist.

The Contest in the Village Street.

And in a moment the voice of Sullivan was heard—"*Charge*—upon the Britishers—*charge them home!*"

And the steeds of the American cavalry came thundering on, sweeping down the hill with one wild movement, rushing into the very centre of the enemy's column, each trooper unhorsing his man, while a thousand fierce shouts mingled in wild chorus, and the infantry advanced with fixed bayonets, speeding steadily onward until they had driven back their foes with the force of their solid charge.

And along that solitary street of Germantown swelled the din and terror of battle, there grappled with the fierce grasp of vengeance and of death the columns of contending foemen, there rode the troopers of the opposite armies, their swords mingling, their horses meeting breast to breast in the terrible shock of this fierce tournament; there shrieked the wounded and dying, while above the heads of the combatants waved the white folds of mist, mingled with the murky battle smoke.

Sullivan charged bravely, Wayne came nobly to his rescue, Pulaski scattered confusion into the ranks of the enemy, and the Americans had been masters of the field were it not for a fresh disaster at Chew's House, combined with the mistakes of the various bodies of the Continentals, who were unable to discern friend from foe in the density of the fog.

Chew's House again.

Meanwhile the contest thickened around Chew's

*Adjoining the dwelling of Mr. Samuel Keyser, about three-fourths of a mile below Chew's House.

house; the division of Greene, united with the central body of the American army, were engaged with the left wing of the British army, under Kniphausen, Grant, and Grey, while Sullivan led forward into the town a portion of the advance column of his division.

Tradition has brought down to our times a fearful account of the carnage and bloodshed of the fight around Chew's house at this moment, when the British army to the south and the Americans to the north, advanced in the terrible charge, under the cover of the mist and gloom.

It was like fighting in the dark. The Americans advanced column after column, they drove back the British columns with a line of bristling bayonets, while the fire of the backwoodsmen rattled a death hail over the field; but it was all in vain! That gloomy miset hung over their heads, concealing their foes from sight, or investing the forms of their friends with a doubtful gloom, that caused them to be mistaken for Britishers in the fierce mellay; all was dim, undefined and indistinct.

The Adventure of Washington.

It was at this moment that a fierce resolution came over the mind of Washington. All around him was mist and gloom, he saw his men disappear within the fog, toward Chew's house, but he knew not whether their charge was greeted with success or defeat; he heard the tread of hurrying legions, the thunder of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry broke on his ear, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying; and all the terrible panorama of a battle field, the smoke, the gloom and the mist, passed vividly before his eyes, but still he knew not the cause of the impregnability of Chew's house. He determined to advance toward the house, and examine its position in person. He turned to the officers of his staff—"Follow me who lists!" he cried, and in a moment, his steed of iron grey was careering over the sod, littered with ghastly corses, while the air overhead was alive with the music of bullets, and the earth beneath was flung against the war-steed's flanks by the cannon ball.

Followed by Hamilton, by Pickering, by Marshall, and by Lee, of the gallant legion, Washington rode forward, and speeding between the fires of the opposing armies, approached the house.

The Path of Terror.

The scene was awful, At each step a dead man, with a ghastly face turned upward, little pools of blood crimsoning the lawn, torn fragments of attire scattered over the sod, on every side hurrying bodies of marching foemen, while, terrible and unremitting, the fire flashing from the windows of Chew's House, throws a lurid glare over the fearful scene.

Washington dashed over the lawn, he approached the house, and every man of his train held his breath. Bullets were whistling over their heads, cannon balls playing round their horses' feet, yet their leader kept on his way of terror. A single glance at the house, with its vollies of flame flashing from every window, and he turned to the north, to regain the American lines, but the fog and smoke gathered round him, and he found his horse entangled amid the enclosures of the cattle-pen to the north of the mansion.

Washington between two Fires.

"Leap your horses"—cried Washington to the brave men around him—"Leap your horses and save yourselves!" And in a moment, amid the mist and gloom, his officers leaped the northern enclosure of the cattle-pen, and rode forward to the American line, scarcely able to discover their path, in the dense gloom that gathered around them. They reached the American lines, and to their horror, discovered that Washington was not among them. He had not leaped the fence of the cattle-pen, because with the feeling of a true veteran, he was afraid of injuring his gallant steed, by this leap in the dark.

While the officers of the staff were speeding to the American line, Washington turned his steed to the south, he determined to repass the house, strike to the north east, and then facing the fires of both armies, regain the Continental army.

He rose proudly in the stirrups, he placed his hand gently on the neck of his steed, he glanced proudly around him, and then the noble horse sprang forward with a sudden leap, and the mist rising for a moment disclosed the form of Washington, to the vision of the opposing armies.

Part the Fourth.

THE FALL OF THE BANNER OF THE STARS.

"What seest thou now, Gonzales?"

"I look from the oriel window—I see a forest of glittering steel, rising in the light, with the snow-flakes of waving plumes flaunting with the sunbeams! Our men advance—the banner of the stars is borne aloft, onward and on it sweeps, like a mighty bird; and now the foemen waver, they recoil—they—"

"They fly! Great God—they fly!"

"No—no!—oh, moment of horror!—the banner of the stars is lost!—the flag of blood-red hue rises in the light—the foemen advance—I dare not look upon the scene—"

"Look again, good Gonzales—look, I beseech thee—what seest thou now?"

"I see a desolated field, strewn with dead carcases and broken arms—the banner of the stars is trampled in the dust—all is lost, and yet not ALL!"

Washington in Danger.

The form of the Chieftain rose through the smoke and gloom of battle, in all its magnificence of proportion, and majesty of bearing, as speeding between two opposing fires, with a proud glance over the battle-field, he retraced his path of death, and rode fearlessly toward the American army.

He was now in front of Chew's House, he was passing through the very sweep of the terrible fires, belching from every window, the bullets whistled around him, and on every hand was confusion, and darkness, made more fearful by the glare of musquetry, and the lightning-flash of cannon.

He is now in front of Chew's House! Another moment and the Man of the Army may fall from his steed riddled by a thousand bullets, a single moment and his corse may be added to the heaps of dead piled along the lawn in all the ghastliness of death, another moment and the Continentals may be without a leader, the British without their most determined foe.

His form is enrapt in mist, he is lost to sight, he again emerges into light, he passes the houses and sweeps away toward the Continental army.

He passes the house, and as he speeds onward toward the American lines, a proud gleam lights up his eye, and a prouder smile wreaths his determined lips. "The American army is yet safe, they are in the path to victory"—he exclaims, as he rejoins the officers of his staff, within the American lines—"Had I but intelligence of Armstrong in the West—of Smallwood and Forman in the East, with one bold effort, we might carry the field!"

But no intelligeuce of Smallwood or Forman came—Armstrong's movements were all unknown—Stephens, who flanked the right wing of Greene, was not heard from, nor could any one give information concerning his position.

And as the battle draws to a crisis around Chew's House, as the British and Americans are disputing the possession of the lawn now flooded with blood, let me for a moment turn aside from the path of regular history, and notice some of the legends of the battle field, brought down to our times by the hoary survivors of the Revolution.

The Unknown Form.

And while the battle swelled fiercest, while the armies traversed that green lawn in the hurry of contest, along the blood-stained sward, with calm manner and even step, strode an unknown form, passing unfearingly over the field, passing amid smoke and mist and gloom, while the wounded fell shrieking at his feet, and the faces of the dead met his gaze on every side.

It was the form of an aged man, with grey hairs streaming over his shoulders, an aged man with a mild yet fearless countenance, with a tall and impressive figure, clad neither in the glaring dress of the Britisher, or the hunting-shirt of the Continental, but in the plain attire of drab cloth, the simple coat, vest with wide lappels, small clothes and stockings, that mark the believers of the Quaker faith.

He was a Friend. Who he was, or what was his name, whence he came, or whither he went, no one could tell, and tradition still remains silent.

But along that field, he was seen gliding amid the heat and glare of battle. Shrieked the wounded soldier for a cup of water, it was his hand that brought it from the well, on the verge of Chew's wall. Extended along the sward, with their ghastly faces trembling with the spasmodic throe of insupportable pain, the dying raised themselves piteously on their trembling hands, and in broken tones asked for relief, or in the wildness of delirium spoke of their far-off homes, whispered a message to their wives or little ones, or besought the blessing of their grey-haired sires.

The Disciple of Jesus.

It was the Quaker, the unknown and mysterious Friend who was seen unarmed save with the Faith of God, undefended save by the Armor of Heaven

kneeling on the sod, whispering words of comfort to the dying, and pointing with his uplifted hand to a home beyond the skies, where battle nor wrong nor death ever came.

Around Chew's House and over the lawn he sped on his message of mercy. There was fear and terror around him, the earth beneath his measured footsteps trembled, and the air was heavy with death, but he trembled not, nor quailed, nor turned back from his errand of mercy.

Now seen in the thickest of the fight, the soldiers rushing on their paths of blood, started back as they beheld his mild and peaceful figure. Some deemed him a thing of air, some more superstitious, thought they beheld a spirit, not one offered to molest or harm the Messenger of Peace.

It was a sight worth all the ages of controversial Divinity to see, this plain Quaker going forth with the faith of that Saviour, whose name has ever been most foully blasphemed by those who called themselves his friends, going forth with the faith of Jesus in his heart, speaking comfort to the dying, binding up the gashes of the wounded, or yet again striding boldly into the fight and rescuing with his own unarmed hands the prostrate soldier from the attack of his conquering foe.

Honor to the Disciple.

Blessings on his name, the humble Quaker, for this deed which sanctifies humanity, and makes us dream of men of mortal mould raised up to the majesty of Gods. His name is not written down, his history is all unknown, but when the broad books of the unknown world are bared to the eyes of a congregated universe, then will that name shine brighter and lighten up with a holier gleam than the name of any Controversial Divine or loud-mouthed hireling that ever disgraced Christianity or blasphemed the name of Jesus.

The Scene Within Chew's House.

Within Chew's House this was the scene:

Every room crowded with soldiers in their glaring crimson attire, the old hall thronged by armed men, all stained with blood and begrimed with battle smoke, the stair-way trembling beneath the tread of soldiers bearing ammunition to the upper rooms, while every board of the floor, every step of the stair-case bore its ghastly burden of dying and dead, the air was pestilent with the smell of powder, the walls trembled beneath the shock of battle, and thick volumes of smoke rolling from the lower rooms, wound through the doors, into the old hall, and up the stairway, enveloping all objects in a pall of gloom, that now shifted aside, and again came down upon the forms of the Britishers like dark night.

Let us ascend the stairway. Tread carefully, or your foot will trample on the face of that dead soldier; ascend the staircase with a cautious step, or you will lose your way in the battle smoke.

The house trembles to its foundation, one volley of musquetry after another breaks on your ear, and all around is noise and confusion; nothing seen but armed men hurrying to and fro, nothing heard but the thunder of the fight.

We gain the top of the stairway—we have mounted over the piles of dead—we pass along the entry—we enter the room on the right, facing toward the lawn.

A scene of startling interest opens to our sight. At each window are arranged files of men, who, with faces all blood stained and begrimed, are sending their musquet shots along the lawn; at each window the floor is stained with a pool of blood, and the bodies of the dead are dragged away by the strong hands of their comrades, who fill their places almost as soon as they receive their death wound. The walls are rent by cannon balls, and torn by bullets, and the very air seems ringing with the carnival shouts of old Death, rejoicing in the midst of demons.

The Drop from the Ceiling.

Near a window in this room clustered a gallant band of British officers, who gave the word to the men, directed the dead to be taken from the floor, or gazed out upon the lawn in the endeavor to pierce the gloom of the contest.

Some were young and handsome officers, others were veterans who had mowed their way through many a fight, and all were begrimed with the blood and smoke of battle. Their gaudy coats were rent, the epaulette was torn from one shoulder by the bullet, the plume from the helm of another and a third fell in his comrades' arms, as he received the ball in his heart.

While they stood gazing from the window, a singular incident occurred.

A young officer, standing in the midst of his comrades, felt something drop from the ceiling, and trickle down his cheek.

The fight was fierce and bloody in the attic overhead. They could hear the cannon balls tearing shingles from the roof—they could hear the low, deep groans of the dying.

Another drop fell from the ceiling—another and another.

"It is blood!" cried his comrades, and a laugh went round the group.

Is it blood?

Drop after drop fell from the celing; and in a moment a thin liquid stream came trickling down, and pattered upon the blood-stained floor.

The young officer reached forth his hand, he held it extended beneath the falling stream: he applied it to his lips.

"Not blood, but wine!" he shouted. "Good old Madeira wine!"

The group gathered round the young officer in wonder. It was wine—good old wine—that was dripping from the ceiling. In a few moments the young officer, rushing through the gloom and confusion of the stairway, had ransacked the attic, and discovered under the eaves of the roof, between the rafters and the floor, some three dozen bottles of old Madeira wine, placed there for safe-keeping some score of years before the battle. These bottles were soon drawn from their resting-place, and the eyes of the group in the room below were presently astonished by the vision of the ancient bottles, all hung with cobwebs, and with the sealed corks covered with dust.

In a moment the necks were struck off some half-dozen bottles, and while the fire poured from the window along the lawn, while cries, and shrieks, and groans, broke on the air; while the smoke came rolling in the window, now in folds of midnight blackness, and now turned to lurid red by the glare of cannon; while the terror and gloom of battle arose around them, the group of officers poured the wine in an ancient goblet, discovered in a closet of the mansion,—they filled it brimming full with wine, and drank a royal health to the good King George!

The Debauch of Death.

They drank and drank again, until their eyes sparkled, and their lips grew wild with loyal words, and their thirst for blood—the blood of the rebels—was excited to madness. Again and again were the soldiers shot down at the window, again were their places filled, and again and again the goblet went round from lip to lip, and the old wine was poured forth like water, in healths to the good King George!

And as they drank, one by one, the soldiers were swept away from the windows, until at the last the officers stood exposed to the blaze of the American fire, flashing from the green lawn.

"Health to King George—Death to the rebels!"

The shout arose from the lips of a grey-haired veteran, and he fell to the floor, a mangled corse. The arm that raised the goblet was shattered at the elbow by one musket ball, as another penetrated his brain.

The goblet was seized by another hand, and the revel grew loud and wild. The sparkling wine was poured forth like water, healths were drank, hurrahs were shouted, and—another officer measured his length on the floor. He had received his ball of death.

There was something of ludicrous horror in the scene.

Those sounds of revel and bacchanalian uproar, breaking on the air, amid the intervals—the short and terrible intervals of battle—those faces flushed by wine, and agitated by all the madness of the moment, turned from one side to another, each lip wearing a ghastly smile, each eye glaring from its socket, while each voice echoed the drunken shout and the fierce hurrah.

Another officer fell wounded, and another, and yet another. The young officer who had first discovered the wine alone remained.

He glanced round upon his wounded and dying comrades, he looked vacantly in the faces of the dead, he gazed around upon the terror and confusion of the scene, and then he seized the goblet, filled it brimming-full with wine, and raised it to his lips.

His lip touched the edge of the goblet, his face was reflected in the quivering wavelets of the wine, his eyes rolled wildly to and fro, and then a musket shot pealed through the window. The officer glared around with a terrible glance, and then the warm blood, spouting from the wound between his eyebrows, fell drop by drop into the goblet, and mingled with the wavelets of the ruby wine.

And then there was a wild shout, and a heavy body toppled to the floor; and so ended the debauch of death.

The Movements of Smallwood, Forman, and Armstrong.

Let us for a moment notice the movements of the divisions of Washington's army, and then return to the principal battle ground at Chew's house.

The movements of the divisions of Smallwood and Forman are, to this day, enveloped in mystery. They came in view of the enemy, but the density of the mist prevented them from effectually engaging with the British.

Armstrong came marching down the Manatawny road, until the quiet Wissahikon dawned in the eyes of his men; but after this moment, his march is also enwrapt in mystery.—Some reports say that he actually engaged with the Hessian division of the enemy, others state that the alarm of the Americans retreating from Chew's house reached his ear, as the vanguard of his command entered Germantown, near the market-house, and commenced firing upon the chasseurs who flanked the left wing of the British army.

However this may be, yet tradition has brought down to our times a terrible legend connected with the retreat of Armstrong's division. The theatre of this legend was the quiet Wissahikon, and this is the story of ancient tradition.

The Wissahikon.

It is a poem of everlasting beauty and a dream of magnificence—the world-hidden, wood-embowered Wissahikon. Its pure waters break forever in ripples of silver around the base of colossal rocks, or sweep murmuringly on, over beds of pebbled flints, or spread into calm and mirror-like lakes, with shores of verdure, surmounted by green hills, rolling away in waves of forest trees, or spreading quietly in the fierce light of the summer sun, with the tired cattle grouped beneath the lofty oaks.

It is a poem of beauty—where the breeze mourns its requiem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness, and quiet, and intense solitude awe the soul, and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams, woven in the luxury of the summer hour.

From the moment your eyes first drink in the gladness of its waters, as they pour into the Schuylkill, seven miles from Philadelphia, until you behold it winding its thread of silver along the meadows of Whitemarsh, many miles above, it is all beauty, all dream, all magnificence.

It breaks on your eye, pouring into the Schuylkill, a calm lake, with an ancient and picturesque mill* in the foreground; a calm lake, buried in the depths of towering steeps, that rise almost perpendicularly on either side, casting a shadow of gloom over the water, while each steep is green with brushwood, each rocky cleft magnificent with the towering oak, the sombre pine, or the leafy chesnut.

* Formerly Vanduring's, now Robinson's mill.

This glen is passed; then come quiet hilly shores, sloping away to the south in pleasant undulations, while on the north arise frowning steeps, and then your mind is awed by tremendous hills on either side, creating one immense solitude; rugged steeps—all precipice and perpendicular rock—covered and crowded with giant pines, and then come calm and rippleless lakes, shadowy glens, deep ravines and twilight dells of strange and dreamy beauty.

There is, in sooth, a stamp of strange and dreamy beauty impressed upon every ripple of the Wissahikon, every grassy bank extending greenly along its waters, on every forest-tree towering beside its shores.

On the calm summer's day, when the sun is declining in the broad west, you may look from the height of some grey, rugged steep, down upon the depths of the world-hidden waters. Wild legends wander across your fancy as you gaze; every scene around you seems but the fitting location for a wild and dreamy tradition, every rock bears its old time story, every nook of the wild wood has its tale of the ancient days. The waters, deep, calm, and well-like, buried amidst overhanging hills, have a a strange and mysterious clearness. The long shadows of the hills, broken by golden belts of sunshine, clothe the waters in sable and gold, in glitter and in shadow. All around is quiet and still; silence seems to have assumed a positive existence amid these vallies of romance and of dreams.

The Lonely House of the Wissahikon.

It was along the borders of this quiet stream, that an ancient fabric arose, towering through the verdure of the trees, with its tottering chimneys enveloped in folds of mist. The walls were severed by many a fissure, the windows were crumbling to decay, and the halls of the ancient mansion were silent as the tomb.

It was wearing toward noon, when a body of soldiers, wearing the blue hunting-shirt and fur cap with bucktail plume, came rushing from the woods on the opposite side of the rivulet, came rushing through the waters of the lovely stream, and hurried with hasty steps toward the deserted house.

In a moment they had entered its tottering doorway, and disappeared within its aged walls. Another instant, and a body of soldiers broke from the woods on the opposite side of the stream, clad in the Hessian costume, with ponderous bearskin caps, heavy accoutrements, and massive muskets.

They crossed the stream, and rushed into the

house in pursuit of the flying continentals. They searched the rooms on the first floor; they hurried along the tottering timbers, but not a single Continental was to be seen. They rushed up the crumbling stairway with loud shouts and boisterous oaths, and reached the rooms of the second story. Every door was flung hastily aside, every closet was broken open, the boards were even torn from the floor, every nook was searched, every corner ransacked, and yet no vision of a blue shirted backwoodsman, met the eye of the eager Hessians. All was silent as death. Their own footfalls were returned in a thousand echoes, their own shouts alone disturbed the silence of the house, but no sound nor sight, could be obtained of the fleeing Continentals. Every room was now searched, save the garret, and the Hessians, some twenty men, able bodied and stout, were about rushing up the stairway of the attic in pursuit of the ten Continental soldiers, when the attention of one of their number was arrested by a singular spectacle. The Hessian soldier beheld through a crumbling window frame, the figure of a woman, standing on the height of an abrupt steep, overhanging the opposite side of the stream. She waved her hands to the soldier, shouted and waved her hands again. He heeded her not, but rushed up the stairway after his companions.

The shout of that unknown woman was the warning of death.

While the Hessians were busily engaged in searching the attic, while their shouts and execrations awoke the echoes of the roof, while they were thrusting sword and bayonet into the dark corners of the apartment, that shout of the woman on the rock arose, echoing over the stream again and again.

The Hessians rushed to the window, they suddenly remembered that they had neglected to search the cellar, and looking far below, they beheld thin wreaths of light blue smoke, winding upward from the cellar window.

A fearful suspicion crept over the minds of the soldiers.

Thay rushed from the attic, in a moment they might reach the lower floor and escape. With that feeling of strange terror creeping round each heart and paling every face they rushed tremblingly on, they gained the second floor, their footsteps already resounded along the stairway when the floor trembled beneath their feet, a horrid combination of sounds assailed their ears, and the walls rocked to and fro like a drunken bacchanal.

Another moment! And along that green wood rang a fearful sound, louder and more terrible than thunder, shaking the very earth with an earthquake motion, while the fragments of the ancient fabric arose blackening into the heavens, mingled with human bodies, torn and scattered into innumerable pieces, and the air was filled with a dense smoke, that hung over the forest, in one thick and blackening pall.

In a few moments the scene was clear, but the ancient house had disappeared as if by magic, while the shouts of the Continental soldiers were heard in the woods far beyond the scene.

The house had been used by the British as a temporary *depot* of powder. When the American Continentals rushed into the cellar, they beheld the kegs standing in one corner, they piled up combustible matter in its vicinity and then made their escape from the house by a subterranean passage known only to themselves. They emerged into open air some hundred yards beyond, and beheld the result of this signal vengeance on their foes.

The Crisis of the Fight.

Again we return to the field of Chew's House.

Washington determined to make one last and desperate effort. The Corps de Reserve under Stirling, and Maxwell, and Nash, came thundering along the field; each sword unsheathed, every bayonet firm; every man eager and ready for the encounter.

It was now near 9 o'clock in the morning.—The enemy still retained Chew's House. The division under Greene, the main body commanded by Wayne, by Sullivan and Conway, composed the American force engaged in actual contest.—To this force was now added the Corps de Reserve, under Lord Stirling, Generals Maxwell and Nash.

The British force, under command of General Howe, who had arrived on the field soon after the onslaught at Chew's House, were led to battle by Kniphausen, Agnew, Grant and Grey, who now rode from troop to troop, from rank to rank, hurrying the men around toward the main point of the fight.

There was a pause in the horror of the battle.

The Americans rested on their arms, the troopers reined in their steeds in sight of Chew's House, and amid the bodies of the dead. The Continental ranks were terribly thinned by the desolating fire from the house, every file was diminished, and in some instances, whole companies were swept away. The British were fresh in vigor,

and ably armed and equipped. They impatiently rushed forward, eager to steep their arms elbow deep in American blood.

And amid the folds of mist and battle-smoke, while the whole field resembled some fearful phantasmagoria of fancy, with its shadowy figures flitting to and fro, while the echo of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry, and the shrieks of the wounded yet rung on the soldiers' ears, they eagerly awaited the signal for the re-commencement of the fight.

The Signal of the last Fight.

The signal rang along the lines! In an instant the cannons opened their fire on Chew's house, the troopers came thundering on in their hurricane charge, and all around were charging legions, armed bodies of men hurrying toward the house, heaps of the wounded strown over the sod; while that terrible cry which had for three long hours gone shrieking up to heaven from that lawn, now rose above the tumult of battle—the quick, piercing cry of the strong man, smitten suddenly down by his death-wound.

The American soldiers fought like men who fight for everything that man needs for sustenance, or holds dear in honor, or sacred in religion. Step by step the veteran continentals drove the Britishers over the field, trampling over the faces of their dead comrades in the very action; step by step were they driven back in their turn, musquets were clubbed in the madness of the strife, and the cry for "quarter," fell on deafened ears.

Then it was that the chieftains of the American host displayed acts of preternatural daring and superhuman courage!

The Warrior-Drover.

In the thickest of the fight, where swords flashed most fiercely, where death-groans shrieked most terribly upon the air, where the steeds of contending squadrons rushed madly against each other in the wild encounter of the charge, there might you see mad Anthony Wayne: his imposing form towering over the heads of the combatants, his eye blazing with excitement, and his sword, all red with blood, rising and falling like a mighty hammer in the hands of a giant blacksmith.

How gallantly the warrior-drover rides! How keen is the glance of his eye, how unfearing the waving of his sword, as foe after foe fall shrieking from their steeds! On and on, without fear, without a thought save his country's honor and the vengeance of Paoli—on and on he rides, and as he speeds, his shout rings out clear and lustily upon the air—

"On, comrades, on—and *Remember Paoli!*"

"*Forwarts, brüdern, forwarts!*"

Ha! The gallant Pulaski! How like a king he rides at the head of his unfearing band, how firmly he sits in his stirrups, how gallantly he beckons his men onward, how like a sunbeam playing on glittering ice, his sword flits to and fro, along the darkened air!

Like one solid battle-bolt, his gallant band speed onward, carrying terror and confusion into the very centre of Kniphausen's columns, leaving a line of ghastly dead in their rear, and driving the discomfitted Hessians before them, while the well-known battle-shout of Pulaski halloos these war-hounds on to the slaughter.

"Forwarts—brudern—forwarts!"

And there *he* rides, known to all the men as their commander, seen by every eye in the intervals of the battle-smoke, hailed by a thousand voices; in wild excitement and in terrible anxiety he rides, cheering the soldiers with his deep-toned voice, while his eye is fixed upon the varied aspects of the fight.

A calm and mild-faced man, leading on a column of Continentals rides up to his side, and is pushing forward into the terror of the mist-hidden mellay when the voice of Washington rings in his ear—

"Greene—why is Stephens not here? Why does he delay his division?"

"General, we have no intelligence of his movements. He has not yet appeared upon the field—"

Washington's lip quivered. A thousand worlds seemed pent up in his heart, and for once in his entire life, his agitation was visible and apparent.

He raised his clenched hand on high and as Napoleon cursed Grouchy at Waterloo, in after times, so Washington at Germantown cursed Stephens, from his very heart of hearts. The glittering game of battle was being played around him. Stephens alone was wanting to strike terror into the ranks of the enemy around Chew's House, the crisis had come and—Stephens was not there, one of the most important divisions of the army was useless.

And now the gallant Stirling, the brave Nash, and the laurelled Maxwell, came riding on, at the head of the corps de reserve, every man with his sword and bayonet, yet unstained with blood, eager to join the current of the fight.

Nash—the brave General of the North Carolina

Division, was rushing into the midst of the mellay with his men, leading them on to deeds of courage and renown, when he received his death wound and fell insensible in the arms of one of his aids-de-camp.

The Shroud of Death again.

The mist gathering thicker and denser over the battle field, caused a terrible mistake on the part of the American divisions. They charged against their own friends, shot down their own comrades, and even bayonetted the very soldiers who had shared their mess, ere they discovered the fatal mistake. The mist and battle-smoke rendered all objects dim and indistinct—the event of this battle will show, that it was no vain fancy of the author, which induced him to name this mist of Germantown—*the Shroud of Death.* It proved a shroud of death, in good sooth, for hundreds who laid down their lives on the sod of the battle field.

The gallant Colonel Matthews, at the head of a Virginia regiment, penetrated into the centre of the town, driving the British before him at pleasure, and after this glorious effort, he was returning to the American lines with some 300 prisoners, when he encountered a body of troops in the mist, whom he supposed to be Continentals. He rode unfearingly into their midst, and found himself a prisoner in the heart of the British army! The mist had foiled his gallant effort, himself and his men were captives to the fortune of war, and his prisoners were recaptured.

That Terrible Word.

Now it was that Washington beheld his soldiers shrink and give way on every side! On every hand they began to waver, from line to line, from column to column ran terrible rumors of the approach of Cornwallis, with a reinforcement of Grenadiers, and the American soldiers were struck with despair.

They had fought while there was hope, they had paved their way to victory with heaps of ghastly dead, they had fought against superior discipline, superior force, superior fortune, but the fearful mist, that overhung the battle field, blasted all their hopes, and along the American columns rang one fearful word, that struck like a knell of death on the heart of Washington—"*retreat*"—"RETREAT!"

Washington veils his Face in his Hands.

It was all in vain that the American chieftain threw himself in the way of the retreating ranks and besought them to stand firm—for the sake of their honor, for the sake of their country, for the sake of their God.

It was all in vain! In vain was it that Pulaski threw his troopers in the path chosen by the fugitives; in vain did he wave his sword on high, and beseech them in his broken dialect, with a flushed cheek and a maddening eye, implore them, to turn and face the well-nigh conquered foe! It was in vain!

In vain did Mad Anthony Wayne, the hero of Pennsylvania, ride from rank to rank, and with his towering form raised to its full height, hold his hand aloft, and in the familiar tones of brotherly intimacy, beckon the soldiers once again to the field of battle.

All was in vain!

And while Chew's house still belched forth its fires of death, while all through Germantown were marching men, hot-foot from Philadelphia, while over the fatal lawn rushed hurried bands of the Continentals, seeking for their comrades among the dead, Washington gazed to the north and beheld the columns of Continentals, their array all thinned and scattered, their numbers diminished, taking their way along the northern road, calmly it is true, and in remarkable order, but still in the order of a retreat, though the enemy showed no disposition to annoy or pursue them.

And while his heart swelled to bursting, and his lip was pressed between his teeth in anguish, Washington bowed his head to the mane of his gallant "grey" and veiled his face in his hands, and then his muscular chest throbbed as though a mighty tempest were pent up within its confines.

In a moment he raised his face. All was calm and immoveable, all traces of emotion had passed away from the stern and commanding features, like the waves rolling from the rock.

He whispered a few brief words to his aids-de-camp, and then raising his form proudly in the stirrups, he rode along the Continental columns, while with a confused and half-suppressed murmuring sound, the RETREAT OF GERMANTOWN commenced.

Part the Fifth.

THE LAST SHOT OF THE BATTLE.

Look forth upon the scene of fight, Gonzales."

"The moon is up in the heavens—her beams glimmer on the cold faces of the dead. Over dead carcase and over fallen banner, in the midst of the lawn, arises one fell and ghastly form, towering in the moonbeams—"

"The form, Gonzales?"

"It is the form of Death, brooding and chuckling over the carnage of the field; he shakes his arms of bone aloft, his skeleton hands wave in the moonlight, he holds HIGH FESTIVAL OVER THE BODIES OF THE DEAD."

How Goes the Fight?

A pause in the din of battle!

The denizens of Mount Airy and Chesnut Hill came crowding to their doors and windows, the hilly streets were occupied by anxious groups of people, who conversed in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures and looks of surprise and fear. Yonder group who stand clustered in the roadside!

A grey-haired man with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age. The maiden, fair-cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant-costume, the tight boddice, the linsey skirt, the light 'kerchief thrown over the bosom. Her ear is also inclined toward Germantown, and her small hands are involuntarily crossed over her bosom that heaves and throbs into view.

The matron, calm, self-possessed, and placid, little children clinging to the skirt of her dress, her wifely cap flung carelessly on her head, with hair slightly touched with grey, while the sleeping babe nestles in her bosom.

The boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eye! He stands silent and motionless—he also listens!

You stand upon the height of Mount Airy, it is wearing towards noon, yet gaze around you.

Above the mist is rising. Here and there an occasional sun-gleam lights the rolling clouds of mist, but the atmosphere wears a dull leaden hue, and the vast horizon a look of solemnity and gloom.

Beneath and around sweep field and plain, buckwheat field, and sombre woods, luxuriant orchards and fertile vallies, all seen in the intervals of the white columns of the uprising mist.

The group clustered along the roadside of Mount Airy are still and silent. Each heart is full, every ear absorbed in the effort of catching the slightest sound from Germantown.

The Strange Silence in the Midst of Battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago and far-off shouts broke on the ear, mingled with the thunder of cannon and the shrieks of musquetry, the earth seemed to tremble, and far around the wide horizon was agitated by a thousand echoes.

Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder at the sudden pause in the battle flit from face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense.

It is followed by a wild rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far in the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps, mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with the sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter is borne on the breeze.

The Soldier and His Burden.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day? Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made.

The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south—she cannot answer the question. The old man, awaking from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. His suspense is fearful. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

And as he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below, he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter, and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man.

He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight, is it spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead?

No—no. He bears an aged man on his shoulders, he grasps the aged form with his trembling arms, and with an unsteady step nears the group on the hill-top.

The old man's grey hairs are waving in the breeze, and his extended hand grasps a broken bayonet, which he raises on high with a maniac gesture.

The soldier and the veteran he bears upon his shoulders, are clad in the blue hunting shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution.

The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder, and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then kneeling on the sod he takes the hands of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

The group cluster round as they shriek the question.

The young Continental makes no reply, but gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

"Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade."

"Comrade," shrieks the veteran, "raise me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again!"

He is raised upon his feet, the blood is wiped from his eyes.

"I see—I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder—I see his sword—and Antony Wayne,—raise me higher, comrade,—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Antony!"

Did you ever see a picture that made your heart throb and your eyes grow blind with tears?

Here is one.

The roadside, the group clustered in front of Allen's House, which rises massive and solemn in the background. The young soldier, all weak and trembling from loss of blood, raising the grey-haired veteran in his arms, placing his face toward Germantown, while the wrinkled features light up with a sudden gleam, and waving his broken bayonet before his eyes, he looks toward the scene of the late fight.

The bystanders, spectators of this scene. The matron gazing anxiously upon the old man's face, her eyes swimming in tears, the ruddy-checked boy holding one hand of the dying veteran, the youthful maiden, all blossom and innocence, standing slightly apart, with the ancient man in peasant's attire, gazing vacantly around as he grasps her arm.

"Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him I see Mad Antony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight—it is dark, it is dark!"

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Antony for the last time, and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

As the thrilling question again rung in his ears the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastily and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"*Lost!*" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day a lifeless corse.

The eyes of the group were now fixed upon the valley below.

The Terror of the Retreat.

Tramp, tramp, echoed the sound of hoofs, and then a steed, caparisoned in battle array, came sweeping up the hill, with his wounded rider hanging helpless and faint by the saddle-bow.—Then came another steed, speeding up the hill, with bloodshot eye and quivering nostril, while his rider fell dying to the earth, shouting his wild hurrah as he fell.

Then came baggage wagons, then bodies of flying troops in continental attire turned the bend of the road in the valley below, and like a flash the hillside of Mount Airy was all alive with disordered masses of armed men, rushing onward with hurried steps and broken arms.

Another moment! The whole array of the continental army comes sweeping round the bend of the road, file after file, rank after rank, and now, a column breaks into sight.

Alone the whole column, no vision meets the eyes of the group, but the spectacle of broken arms, tarnished array, men wearied with toil and thirst, fainting with wounds, and tottering with the loss of blood.

On and on, along the ascent of the hill they rush, some looking hastily around with their pallid faces stained with blood, some holding their shattered arms high over head, others aiding their wounded comrades as they hurry on in the current of the retreat, while waving in the air, the blue banner of the continental host, with its array

of thirteen stars, droops heavily from the flag-staff, as its torn folds come sweeping into light.

And from file to file, with a wild movement and a reckless air, rode a tall and muscular soldier clad in the uniform of a general officer, his sword waving aloft and his voice heard above the hurry and confusion of the retreat—

"Turn, comrades, turn and face the Britisher—turn, and the day is ours!"

Mad Antony cried in vain! The panic had gone like a lightning flash through the army, and every man hurried on, without a thought save the thought of retreat, without a motive save the escape from the fatal field of Chew's House.

Pulaski, Sullivan, and Greene.

Then came Pulaski and his veterans, their costumes of white extending along the road, in glaring relief against the background of blue-shirted continentals; then came the columns of Sullivan, the division of Greene, and then huddled together in a confused crowd came the disordered bands of the army, who had broken their ranks, and were marching beside the baggage wains loaded to the very sides with wounded and dying.

The Train of Death-Cars.

It was a sad and ghastly spectacle to see that train of death-cars, rolling heavily on, with the carcases of the wounded hanging over their sides, with broken arms and limbs protruding from their confines, with pallid faces upturned to the sky, while amid the hurry and motion of the retreat, piteous moans, fierce cries, and convulsive death-shrieks broke terribly on the air.

Yon gallant officer leaning from his steed, yon gallant officer, with the bared forehead, the disordered dress, the ruffle spotted with blood, the coat torn by sword thrusts, and dripping with the crimson current flowing from the heart, while an aid-de-camp riding by his side supports his fainting form on his steed, urging the noble animal forward in the path of the retreat.

It is the brave General Nash. He has fought his last fight, led his gallant North Carolinians on to the field for the last time, his heart is fluttering with the trembling pulsation of death, and his eyes swimming in the dimness of coming dissolution.

The Last Look at the Field.

In the rear, casting fierce glances toward Germantown, rides the tall form of Washington, with Pickering and Hamilton and Marshall clustering round their chieftain, while the sound of the retreating legions is heard far in the distance, along the heights of Chesnut Hill.

Washington reaches the summit of Mount Airy, he beholds his gallant though unfortunate army sweeping far ahead, he reins his steed for a moment on the height of the mount and looks toward the field of Germantown!

One long look toward the scene of the hard fought fight, one quick and fearful memory of the unburied dead, one half-smothered exclamation of anguish, and the chieftain's steed springs forward, and thus progresses the retreat of Germantown.

Germantown Again!

In the town the scene is wild and varied. The mist has not yet arisen, the startled inhabitants have not crept from their places of concealment, and through the village ride scattered bands and regiments of the British army. Here a party of gaudily-clad German troopers of Walbeck break on your eye, yonder the solemn and ponderous Hessian in his heavy accoutrements crosses your path, here a company of plaid-kilted Highlanders came marching on, with claymore and bag-pipe, and yonder, far in the distance sweep the troopers of Anspack, in their costume of midnight darkness, relieved by ornaments of gold, with the skull and cross-bones engraven on each sable cap.

The Brave Captain Lee.

In the centre of the village extended a level piece of ground, surrounded by dwelling houses, stretching from the eastern side of the road, with the market-house, a massive and picturesque structure, arising on one side, while the German Reformed Church, with its venerable front and steeple, arose on the other.

The gallant Captain Lee, of the Partizan Rangers, had penetrated thus far into the town, in common with many other companies of the army, but soon all others retreated, and he was left alone in the heart of the British army, while the continentals were retreating over Mount Airy and Chesnut Hill.

Lee had pursued a Hanoverian troop as far as the market-house, when he suddenly perceived the red-coated soldiers of Cornwallis breaking from the gloom of the mist on the south, while a body of troopers came rushing from the school-house lane on one side, and another corps came thundering from the church lane on the opposite side.

Lee was surrounded. The sable-coated troopers whom he had been pursuing, now turned on their pursuers, and escape seemed impossible. The brave

Partizan turned to his men. Each swarthy face gleamed with delight—each sunburnt hand flung aloft the battle-dented sword. The confusion and havoc of the day had left the Partizan but forty troopers, but every manly form was marked by wide shoulders, muscular chest, and lofty bearing; and their uniform of green, their caps of fur, with buck-tail plume, gave a striking and effective appearance to the band.

"Comrades, now for a chase!" shouted Lee, glancing gaily over his men. "Let us give these scare-crow hirelings a chase! Up the Germantown road, advance, boys—forward!"

The Chase.

And as they galloped along the Germantown road, riding gallantly four abreast, in all a warrior's port and pride, the Hanoverians, now two hundred strong, came thundering in their rear, each dark-coated trooper leaning over the neck of his steed, with sword upraised, and with fierce battle-shout echoing from lip to lip.

Only twenty paces lay between the Rangers and their foes. The monotonous sound of the pattering hoof, the clank of the scabbard against the soldier's booted leg, the deep, hard breathing of the horses, urged by boot and spur to their utmost speed, the fierce looks of the Hanoverians, their bending figures, their dress of deep black, with relief of gold, the ponderous caps, ornamented with the fearful insignia of skull and cross-bone, the Rangers sweeping gallantly in front, square, and compact in their solid column, each manly form in costume of green and gold, disclosed in the light, in all its muscular ability and imposing proportions, as they moved forward with the same quick impulse, all combined, form a scene of strange and varying interest, peculiar to those times of Revolutionary peril and bloodshed.

The chase became exciting. The advance company of sable coated troopers gained on Lee's gallant band at every step, and at every step they left their comrades further in the rear.

Lee's men spurred their steeds merrily forward, ringing their boisterous shouts tauntingly upon the air, while their exasperated foes replied with curses and execrations.

And all along through the streets of Germantown lay the scene of this exciting chase, the clatter of the horses' hoofs awake the echoes of the ancient house, bringing the frightened denizens suddenly to the doors and windows, and the pursuers and pursued began to near the hill of the Mennonist grave-yard, while the peril of Lee became more imminent and apparent. The Hanoverians were at the horses' heels of the Rangers—they were gaining upon them at every step; in a moment they would be surrounded and cut to pieces.

The Crisis.

Lee glanced over his shoulder. He saw his danger at a glance; they were now riding up the hill, the advance company of the enemy were in his rear, the main division were some hundred yards behind. In a moment the quick word of command rung from his lips, and at the instant as the whole corps attained the summit of the hill, his men wheeled suddenly round, faced the pursuing enemy, and came thundering upon their ranks like an earth-riven thunderbolt!

Another moment! and the discomfitted Hanoverians lay scattered and bleeding along the roadside; here a steed was thrown back upon his haunches, crushing its rider as it fell; here was a trooper clinging with the grasp of death to his horse's neck; yonder reared another horse without its rider, and the ground was littered with the overthrown and wounded troopers.

The Charge.

They swept over the black-coated troopers like a thunderbolt, and in another instant the gallant Rangers wheeled about, returning in their charge of terror with the fleetness of the wind, each man sabreing an enemy as he rode, and then, with a wild hurrah, they regained the summit of the hill.

Lee drew his trooper's cap from his head, his men did the same, and then, with their eyes fixed upon the main body of the enemy advancing along the foot of the hill, the gallant Rangers sent up a wild hurrah of triumph, waving their caps above their heads, and brandishing their swords.

The enemy returned a yell of execration, but ere they reached the summit of the hill, Lee's company were some hundred yards ahead, and all pursuit was vain. The Rangers rode fearlessly forward, and, ere an half-hour was passed, regained the columns of the retreating army.

Sunset upon the Battle-field.

It was sunset upon the field of battle—solemn and quiet sunset. The rich, golden light fell over the grassy lawn, over the venerable fabric of Chew's house, and over the trees scattered along the field, turning their autumnal foliage to quivering gold.

The scene was full of the spirit of desolation, steeped in death, and crimsoned in blood. The

green lawn—with the soil turned up by the cannon wheels, by the tramp of war steeds, by the rush of the foemen—was all heaped with ghastly piles of dead, whose cold upturned faces shone with a terrible lustre in the last beams of the declining sun.

There were senseless carcasses, with the arms rent from the shattered body, with the eyes scooped from the hollow sockets, with foreheads severed by the sword thrust, with hair dabbled in blood, with sunken jaws fallen on the gory chest; there was all the horror, all the bloodshed, all the butchery of war, without a single gleam of its romance or chivalry.

Here a plaid-kilted Highlander, a dark-coated Hanoverian, were huddled together in the ghastliness of sudden death; each with that fearful red wound denting the forehead, each with that same repulsive expression of convulsive pain, while their unclosed eyes, cold, dead, and lustreless, glared on the blue heavens with the glare of death.

Yonder, at the foot of a giant elm, a continental, strong armed and stout, sunk down in the grasp of death. His head is sunken on his breast, his white hair all blood-bedabbled, his blue hunting shirt is spotted with clotted drops of purple. The sunburnt hand extended, grasps the unfailing rifle—the old warrior is merry even in death, for his lip wears a cold and unmoving smile.

Silence and Death.

A little farther on a peasant boy bites the sod, with his sunburnt face half buried in the blood-soddened earth, his rustic attire of linsey tinted by the last beams of the declining sun; one arm convulsively gathered under his head, the long brown hair all stiffened with blood, while the other grasps the well-used fowling piece, with which he rushed to the field, fought bravely, and died like a hero. The fowling piece is with him in death; the fowling piece—companion of many a boyish ramble beside the Wissahikon, many a hunting excursion on the wild and dreamy hills that frown around that rivulet—is now beside him, but the hand that encloses its stock, is colder than the iron of its rusted tube.

Let us hie over the field, with a soft and solemn footstep, for our path is yet stamped with the recent footsteps of death, and the ghosts of the heroes are thronging in the invisible air of the fight.

Chew's house is silent and still. The shattered windows, the broken hall door, the splintered roof, the battered chimneys, and the walls of the house stained with blood: all are silent, yet terrible proofs of the havoc and ruin of the fight.

Silence is within Chew's house. No death-shriek, no groan of agony, no voice shrieking to the uplifted sword to spare and pity, breaks upon the air. All is still and solemn, and the eye of human vision may not pierce the gloom of the unknown, and behold the ghosts of the slain crowding before the throne of God.

The sun is setting over Chew's lawn and house, the soldiers of the British army have deserted the place, and as the last beams of day quiver over the field, death—terrible and fearful death—broods over the scene, in all its ghastliness and horror.

The Legend of General Agnew again.

Along the solitary streets of Germantown, as the sun went down, rang the echo of horses' hoofs, and the form of the rider of a gallant war steed was seen, disclosed in the last beams of the dying day, as he took his way along the village road.

The horseman was tall, well-formed, and muscular in proportion; his hair was slightly touched with the frost of age, and his eye was wild and wandering in its glance. The compressed lip, the hollow cheek, the flashing eye, all told a story of powerful, through suppressed emotion, stirring the warrior's heart to bitter thoughts and gloomy memories.

It was General Agnew, of the British army: he had fought bravely in the fight of Chew's house, though the presentiment sat heavy on his soul; he had fought bravely, escaped without a wound, and now was riding alone, along the solitary street, toward the Mœnist grave-yard.

There was an expression on his commanding face that it would have chilled your heart to see. It was an expression which stamped his features with a look of doom and fate, which revealed the inward throbbings of his soul, as the dark presentiment of the morning moved over its shadowy depths.

He may have been thinking of his home, away in the fair valleys of England—of the blooming daughter, the bright-eyed boy, or the matronly wife; and then a thought of the terrible wrong involved in the British cause may have crossed his soul, for the carnage of Chew's lawn had been most fearful, and it is not well to slay hundreds of living beings like ourselves, for the shadow of a right.

The Last Look at the Setting Sun.

He reached the point where the road sweeps

down the hill, in front of the grave-yard, and as he rode slowly down the ascent, his attention was arrested by a singular spectacle.

The head of a man, grey-bearded and grey-haired, was thrust above the grave-yard wall, and a fierce, malignant eye met the gaze of General Agnew. It was the strange old man who, in the morning, had asked whether "that was General Grey?" pointing to the person of Agnew as he spoke, and being answered, by mistake or design, in the affirmative, fired a rifle at the officer from the shelter of the wall.

No sooner had the wild face rose above the wall than it suddenly disappeared, and, scarce noting the circumstance, the General reined his steed for a moment, on the descent of the hill, and gazed toward the western sky, where the setting sun was sinking behind a rainbow-hued pile of clouds, all brilliant with a thousand contrasted lights.

The last beams of the sun trembled over the high forehead of General Agnew, as, with his back turned to the grave-yard wall, he gazed upon the prospect, and his eye lit up with a sudden brilliancy, when the quick and piercing report of a rifle broke on the air, and echoed around the scene.

A small cloud of light blue smoke wound upward from the grave-yard wall, a ghastly smile overspread the face of Agnew, he looked wildly round for a single instant, and then fell heavily ts the dust of the road-side—a lifeless corse.

His gallant steed of ebon darkness of skin, lowered his proud crest, and thrust his nostrils in his master's face, his large eyes dilating, as he snuffed the scent of blood upon the air; and at the very instant, that same wild and ghastly face was thrust above the stones of the grave-yard wall, and a shriek of triumph, wilder and ghastlier than the face, arose shrieking above the graves.

That rifle shot, pealing from the grave-yard wall, was the LAST SHOT of the battle-day of Germantown; and that corse flung along the road-side, with those cold eyes glaring on the blue sunset sky, with the death-wound near the heart, was the LAST DEAD MAN of that day of horror.

Part the Sixth.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DEAD.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

An Ancient Church.

In the township of Towamensing, some twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, from the green sward of a quiet grave-yard, arises the venerable walls of an ancient church, under whose peaceful roof worship the believers in the Menonist faith, as their fathers worshipped before them.

The grave-yard, with its mounds of green sod, is encircled by a massive wall of stone, overshadowed by a grove of primitive oaks, whose giant trunks and gnarled branches, as they tower in the blue summer sky, seem to share in the sacred stillness and ancient grandeur which rests like a holy spell upon the temple and the hamlet of the dead.

Come back with me, reader, once more come back to the ancient revolutionary time. Come back to the solemnity and gloom of the funeral of the dead; and in the quiet grave-yard we will behold the scene.

The Coffins beside the Grave.

Bands of armed men throng the place of graves; on every side you behold figures of stout men clad in the uniform of war; on every side you behold stern and scarred visages, and all along the green sward, with its encircling grove of oaks, the pomp of banners wave flauntingly in the evening air, but no glittering bayonet gleams in the light of the declining day. The banners are heavy with folds of crape, the bayonets are unfixed from each musquet, and every soldier carries his arms reversed.

Near the centre of the ground, hard by the road-side, are dug four graves, the upturned earth forming a mound beside each grave, and the sunbeams shine upon four coffins, hewn out of rough pine wood, and laid upon trussels, with the faces of the dead cold and colorless, tinted with a ghastly gleam of the golden sunlight.

Around the graves are grouped the chieftains of the American army, each manly brow uncovered, each manly arm wearing the solemn scarf of crape, while an expression of deep and overwhelming grief is stamped upon the lines of each expressive face.

Washington stands near the coffins: his eyes

are downcast, and his lip is compressed. Wayne is by his side, his bluff countenance marked by unfeigned sorrow; and there stands Greene and Sullivan, and Maxwell and Armstrong, clustered in the same group with Stirling and Forman, with Smallwood and Knox. Standing near the coffin's head, a tall and imposing form, clad in a white-hued uniform, is disclosed in the full light of the sunbeams. The face, with the whiskered lip and the eagle eye, wears the same expression of sorrow that you behold on the faces of all around. It is the Count Pulaski.

These are the pall-bearers of the dead.

And in the rear of this imposing group sweep the columns of the American army, each officer with his sword reversed, each musquet also reversed, while all around is silent and still.

The Dead of Germantown.

A grey-haired man, tall and imposing in stature advances from the group of pall-bearers. He is clad in the robes of the minister of heaven, his face is marked by lines of care and thought, and his calm eye is expressive of a mind at peace with God and man. He stands disclosed in the full glow of the sunbeams, and while his long grey hairs wave in the evening air, he gazes upon the faces of the dead.

The first corse, resting in the pine coffin, with the banner of blue and stars sweeping over its rough surface, and bearing upon its folds the sword and chapeau of a general officer, is the corse of General Nash. The noble features are white as marble, the eyes are closed, and the lip wears the smile of death.

The next corse, with the sword and chapeau of the commanding officer of a regiment, is the corse of the brave Colonel Boyd.

Then comes the corse of Major White, handsome and dignified even in death. The finely chisseled features, the arched brows, the Roman nose, and compressed lip, look like the marble of a statue.

The last corse, the corse of a young man, with a lieutenant's sword and cap placed on the coffin, is the last remains of the gallant Virginian, who bore the flag of truce to Chew's house, and was shot down in the act. Lieutenant Smith rests in death, and the blood-stained flag of truce is placed over his heart.

The venerable minister advances, he gazes upon the faces of the dead, his clear and solemn voice breaks out in tones of impassioned eloquence in this.

FUNERAL SERMON OVER THE DEAD.*

General Nash, Colonel Boyd, Major White, and Lieutenant Smith: buried in Towamensing Mennonist Grave-yard, the day after the Battle of Germantown.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD, FOR THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

Soldiers and Countrymen:—Our brethren lay before us in all the solemnity of death. Their eyes are closed, their lips are voiceless; life, with its hurry and turmoil, its hopes and its fears, with them is over forever. They have passed from among us, amid the smoke and glare of battle they passed away; and now, in this solemn grove, amid the silence and quiet of the evening hour, we have assembled to celebrate their funeral obsequies.

Brethren, look well upon the corses of the dead, mark the eyes hollowed by decay, the cheeks sunken, and the lips livid with the touch of death; look upon these forms, but one short day ago moving and throbbing with the warm blood of life, and now cold, clammy, dead, senseless remains of clay.

But this is not all, brethren; for as we look upon these corses, the solemn words of the book break on our ear, through the silence of the evening air:

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* NOTE. The author deems it necessary to state, once for all, that all the legends given in this chronicle, are derived from substantial fact or oral tradition. The legend of the Debauch of Death—the old Quaker—the House on the Wissahikon—the escape of Washington—the presentiment and death of General Agnew—the feat of Captain Lee—as well as all other incidents are derived from oral tradition. In other points, the history of the Battle is followed as laid down by Marshall and his contemporaries. To the accomplished scholar and antiquary, John F. Watson, Esq., of Germantown, the author acknowledges himself indebted for various interesting traditions and incidents of the time, gleaned from the forthcoming second edition of his celebrated Annals. The engravings accompanying this chronicle, are copied by permission from the two elegant engravings illustrating the new edition of Watson's Annals. This work will create a great sensation. There is some doubt concerning the name of the preacher who delivered the funeral sermon. But with regard to the funeral ceremonies at the Mennonist church at Toyamensing, there can be no doubt. General Nash and his companions in death were buried with the honors of war, in presence of the whole army the day after the battle.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

For they did die in the Lord, my brethren. Fighting in the holiest cause, fighting against wrong, and might, and violence, the brave Nash rode into the ranks of battle, and while the bullets of the hirelings whistled around him, while all was terror and gloom, he fell at the head of his men, bravely flashing his sword for his fatherland.

So fell White, and so fell Boyd; you have all heard how Lieutenant Smith met his death. You have heard how he went forth on the battle morn with the flag of truce in his hand. You have heard how he approached the fatal mansion on the battle-field; you have heard how these merciless men pointed their musquets at his heart, and he fell, bathing the flag of truce with the warm blood of his heart.

They fell, but their blood shall not fall unheeded. George of Brunswick may augur success to his cause from the result of this fight, but the weak and mistaken man shall soon know his delusion false.

From every drop of patriot blood sinking in the sod of Germantown, a hero shall arise! From the darkness and death of that terrible fight, I see the angel of our country's freedom springing into birth; beyond the clouds and smoke of battle, I behold the dawning of a brighter and more glorious day.

They rest from their labors. From the toilsome labor of the night march, from the fierce labor of the battle charge, from the labor of bloodshed and death they rest.

They will no more share the stern joy of the meeting of congregated armies; no more ride the steed to battle; no more feel their hearts throb at the sound of the trumpet. All is over.

They rest from their labors! Aye, in the solemn courts of heaven they rest from their labors, and the immortal great of the past greet them with smiles and beckonings of joy, their hearts are soothed by the hymnings of angels, and the voice of the Eternal bids them welcome.

From the dead let me turn to the living.

Let me speak for a moment to the men of the gallant band; let me tell them that God will fight for them; that though the battle may be fierce and bloody, still the sword of the Unknown will glisten on the side of the freemen-brothers; that though the battle clouds may roll their shadows of gloom over heaps of dying and dead, yet from those very clouds will spring the day of Freedom, from the very carnage of the battle-field will bloom the fruits of a peaceful land.

Man, chosen among men, as the leader of freemen, I speak to thee! And as the prophets of old, standing on the ramparts of Israel, raised their hands, and blessed the Hebrew chieftains as they went forth to battle, so now I bless thee, and bless thy doings; by the graves of the slain, and by the corses of the patriot dead, I sanctify thy arms, in the name of that God who never yet beheld fearful wrong without sudden vengeance—in the name of that Redeemer whose mission was joy to the captive, freedom to the slave, I bless thee,—Washington.

On, on—in thy career of glory!

Not the glory of bloodshed, not the halo that is born of the phosphorescent light hovering around the carcasses of the dead, not the empty fame o human slaughter. No—no.

The glory of a pure soul, actuated by one motive of good, straining every purpose of heart to accomplish that motive; neither heeding the threats of the merciless tyrant, on the one hand, or the calls of ambition on the other, but speeding forward, with sure and steady steps, to the goal of all thy hopes—the freedom of this land of the new world.

Such is thy glory, Washington.

On, then, ye gallant men, on, in your career of glory. To day all may be dark, all may be sad, all may be steeped in gloom. You may be driven from one battle-field, you may behold your comrades fall wounded and dying in the path of your retreat. Carnage may thin your ranks, decease walk through your tents, death track your footsteps.

But the bright day will come at last. The treasure of blood will find its recompense, the courage, the self-denial and daring of this time will work out the certain reward of the country's freedom.

Then behold the fruits of your labours.

A land of mighty rivers, colossal mountains, a land of luxurious vallies, fertile plains, a land of freeman, peopled by happy multitudes of millions whose temples echo with hosannas to God, whose

praises repeat your names, gallant survivors of the battle field of Germantown.

"Their Works do follow them."

Yes—yes. From the Eternal world, our departed friends shall look down upon the fruit of their works. From the Vast Unseen they shall look down upon your banner of blue as the sunbleam of victory glitters on its stars. They shall behold the skeletons of the invader strewing our shores, his banners trailed in the dust, his armies annihilated, his strong men overthrown, and the temple of his power, toppled from its strong foundations.

They rest from their labours.

Oh, glorious is their resting place, oh, most glorious is their home! As they flee on spirit-wings to their eternal abode, the ghosts of the mighty-dead, come crowding to the portals of the Unknown, and hail them welcome home! Brutus of old is there, shaking his gory dagger aloft, Hampden and Sidney are there, and there are the patriot martyrs from all the scaffolds of oppressed Europe, each mighty spirit sounding a welcome to the martyrs of New World freedom.

The dead of Bunker Hill are there, the form of Warren is among the first in the mighty crowd, and there, raising their gory hands on high, a band of the martyred men of Brandywine, press forward, and hail their compeers of Germantown a welcome home.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Oh! thrice blessed, oh! blessed on the tongues of nations, blessed in the hymns of little children, blessed in the tears of woman, shed for their martyrdom; blessed in the world beyond, forever and forever blessed.

Farewell to ye, mighty dead, on earth! The kind hands of wife or child were not passed over your brows, when the big drops of the death-dew announced the approach of the last enemy of man! No blooming child, no soft-voiced wife, no fair-haired boy was near ye.

Alone ye died. Alone amid the ranks of battle, or ere the battle shout had yet ceased to echo on your ear. Alone, with fever in your brain, with fever in your hearts, with maddening throes of pain, forcing from your manly lips the involuntary cry of pain, yet, with your native land uppermost in your thoughts, ye died.

And now, brethren, the sun sinking in the west, warns me to close. The bright golden beams tint the tops of the trees, and fling a shower of light over the roof of the ancient church. The sky above arches calm and azure, as though the spirits of the dead smiled from yon clime upon our solemn ceremonies. The hour is still and solemn, and all nature invites us to the offering of prayer. Let us pray.

Prayer for the Dead.

Father in Heaven, we bow before thee, under the temple of the clear blue sky and within the shadow of yon oaken grove, we bow beside the corses of the dead. Our hearts are sad, our souls are awed. Up to thy throne we send our earnest prayers for this, our much-afflicted land. Turn, oh! God, turn the burning sword from between us and the sun of thy countenance. Lift the shadow of death from our land. And, as in the olden times, thou didst save the oppressed, even when the blood-stained grasp of wrong was at their throats, so save thou us, now—oh, most merciful God!

And if the voice of prayer is ever heard in thy courts, for the spirits of the dead, then let our voices now plead with thee, for the ghosts of the slain, as they crowd around the portals of the Unseen world.

Oh! Lord God, look into our hearts, and there behold every pulse throbbing, every vein filling with one desire, which we now send up to thee, with hands and soul upraised—the desire of freedom for this fair land.

Give us success in this our most holy cause. In the name of the martyred dead of the past, in the name of that shadowy band, whose life-blood dyes a thousand scaffolds, give us freedom.

In the name of Jesus give us peace! Make strong the hands of thy servant even George Washington. Make strong the hearts of his counsellors, stir them up to greater deeds even than the deeds they have already done, let thy presence be with our host, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

And at last, when our calling shall have been fulfilled, when we have done and suffered thy will here below, receive us into the Rest of the Blessed.

So shall it be said of us—

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!"

The last words of the preacher, sank into the hearts of his hearers. Every man felt awed, every soul was thrilled.

The preacher made a sign to the group of war-worn soldiers in attendance at the head of the graves. The coffins were lowered in their receptacles of death. The man of God advanced, and took a handfull of earth, from one of the uprising mounds.

There was universal silence around the graves, and thro' the grave-yard.

"*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*"

The sound of the earth rattling on the coffin of General Nash, broke with a strange echo on the air.

Slowly along the sod, passed the minister of heaven speaking the solemn words of the last ceremony, as he flung the handful of earth upon each coffin.

A single moment passed, and a file of soldiers, with upraised musquets, extended along the graves. The word of command rang out upon the air, and the shot after shot, the alternating reports of the musquets, broke like thunder over the graves of the laurelled dead.

The soldiers suddenly swept aside, and in a moment, a glittering cannon was wheeled near the graves, with the cannonier standing with the lighted linstock, by its side. The subdued word of command again was heard, the earthquake thunder of the cannon shook the graveyard, and likea pall for the mighty dead, the thick folds of smoke, waved heavily above the grave.

Again did the file of musquetry pour forth the fire, again did the cannons send forth their flame, flashing down into the very graves of the dead, while the old church walls gave back the echo.—Again was the ceremony repeated, and as the thick folds of cannon-smoke waved overhead, the soldiers opened to the right and left, and the pall-bearers of the dead advanced.

They advanced, and one by one looked into the graves of the slain.

This was the scene when Washington looked for the last time into the grave of Nash and his death-mates.

The sun setting behind the grove of oaks threw a veil of sunshine over the masses of armed men thronging the grave-yard, over the reversed arms, and craped banner of blue and stars. The form of Washington, standing at the head of the grave, was disclosed in all its majesty of proportion, his face impressed with an expression of sorrow, and his right hand reversing his craped sword; Wayne —the gallant, the noble, the fearless Wayne— stood at his right shoulder, and then sweeping in a line along the graves, extended the chieftains of the army, each face stamped with grief, each right arm holding the reversed sword: there was the sagacious face of Greene, the bluff visage of Knox, the commanding features of Sullivan, the manly countenances of Maxwell, Stirling, Forman, Conway, and the other officers of the continental host. All were grouped there beside the graves of the slain, and as every eye was fixed upon the coffins sprinkled with earth, a low, solemn peal of music floated along the air, and a veteran advancing to the grave, flung to the wind the broad banner of blue and stars, and the last glimpse of sunlight fell upon this solemn relic of the

Battle-Day of Germantown.

THE END.

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